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For out of olde feldes as men seith
Cometh al this newe corn fro yeer to yere
And out of olde bokes in good feith
Cometh al this newe science that men lere

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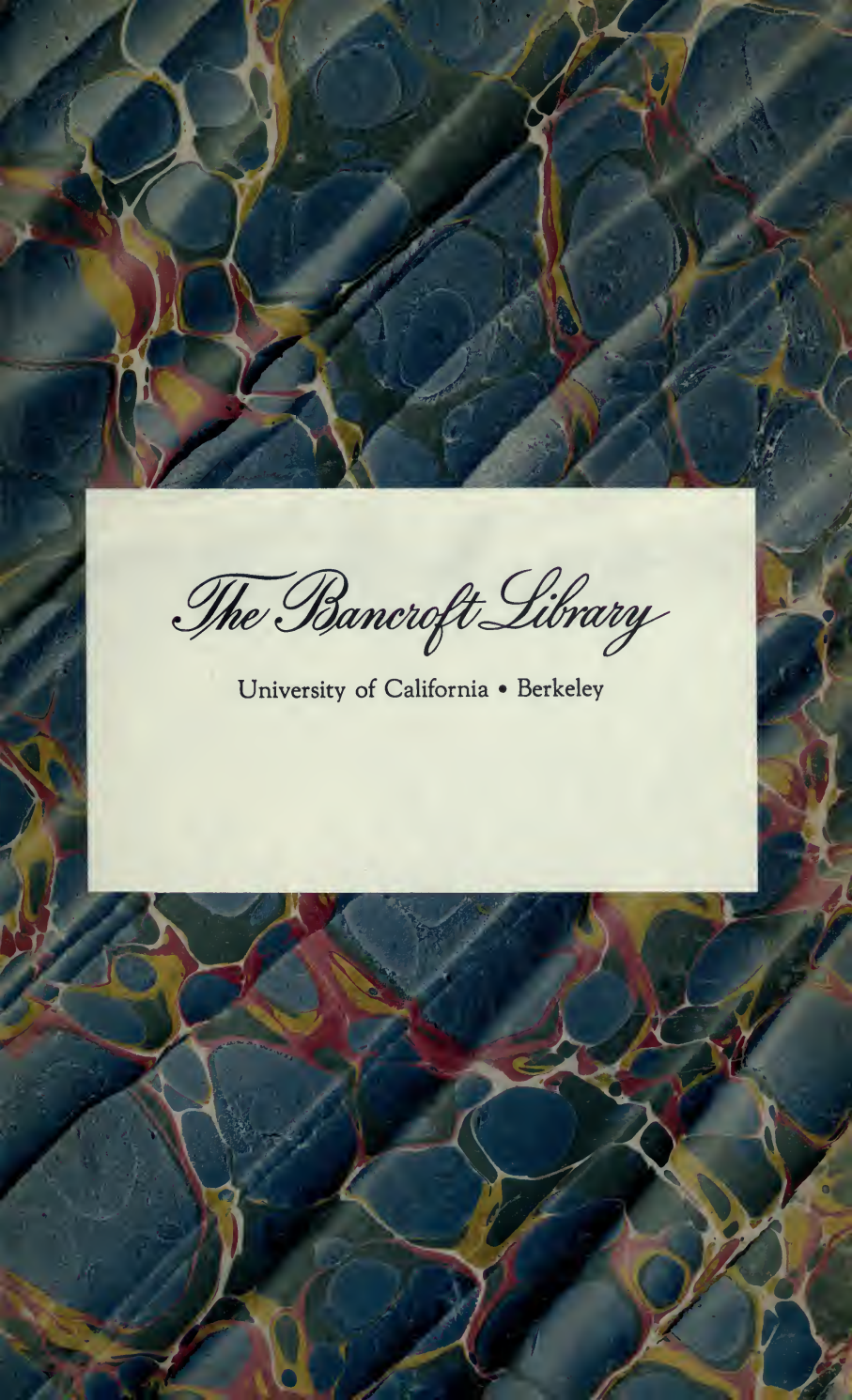
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1823

To Mrs Dawson
from her Admiring Servant
T. S. Woolley

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CAIUS GRACCHUS:

A TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED

At the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

BY

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES,

AUTHOR OF VIRGINIUS.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR

REID & HENDERSON, GLASGOW;
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MDCCCXXIII.

JAMES CURLL, PRINTER, GLASGOW.

TO

JOHN PATTERSON, Esq.

Bridge-Street, Blackfriars.

My Dear Sir,

At your suggestion, I wrote this Tragedy, and to you I dedicate it.

With best wishes for your happiness, and that of your family,—I am,

My Dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful Friend and Servant,

J. S. KNOWLES.

Glasgow, November, 1823.

397149

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of this Tragedy has simply to remark, that there is not an Act—hardly a Scene—of it, that is not indebted for improvement, to the talents and taste of his Friend, Mr. MACREADY; and that he cannot find terms adequate to convey his sense of the liberality with which he has been treated by Mr. ELLISTON.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. TERRY.

WHERE is the man, who, as his thoughts survey
The days of Roman grandeur past away,
Whose memory loves in reverence to dwell
O'er minds that held the world within their spell;
Calls up the mighty shadows from the tomb,
Whose names give immortality to Rome—
But feels his mind in Virtue's scale ascend,
Improved as patriot, husband, father, friend?
Sound but the name of ever-lasting Rome,
What glorious visions o'er the fancy come!
At their high deeds, to gain a deathless name,
The dullest heart will wake and pant for fame;
Their sacrifice of self, in Virtue's cause,
From sternest eyes the tears of manhood draws,
And Rome has formed, in many an after age,
The Hero, Poet, Orator, and Sage!
O'er ancient Rome, the Muse once more this night
Plumes her wild pinions for a daring flight!
Depicts the self-devotion—noble strife—
By which her Sons maintained their Country's life:
And shows how beautiful the holy zeal
That hearts which beat for Freedom only feel.
The Bard, who drew with such success of late,
Virginius maddening o'er a daughter's fate,
To soothe his terrors, here has bid me come,
The delegate of Gracchus and of Rome;
That if, with hands made feeble by his fear,
He strikes the chords that Freemen love to hear,
Humbly to ask, What modern Bard may hope
With strength commensurate with such theme to cope?—
Then o'er his efforts let no coldness lower,
And with your kindness help his want of power.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS PERFORMED AT DRURY-LANE, 1823.

Men.

Flaminius,	*Consuls,*	Mr. Thompson.
Opimius,		Mr. Archer.
Fannius,	*Patricians,*	———
Tuditanus,		———
Caius Gracchus,	*Tribunes,*	Mr. Macready.
Drusus,		Mr. Pope.
Licinius,	*Friends of C. Gracchus,*	Mr. Penley.
Pomponius,		———
Vettius,		Mr. Young.
Fulvius Flaccus,		Mr. Yarnold.
Titus,	*Plebeians,*	Mr. Terry.
Probus,		———
Marcus,		———
Sextus,	*Servants to the Patricians,*	———
Quintus,		———
Lucius,	*Boy waiting upon C. Gracchus,*	Miss Carr.
Lictor,		———
1st Citizen,		———
2d Citizen,		———
1st Voter,		———
2d Voter,		———

Women.

Cornelia,	*Mother of C. Gracchus,*	Mrs. Bunn.
Licinia,	*Wife of C. Gracchus,*	Mrs. West.
Livia,	*A Friend of Licinia's,*	———
Lucilla,	*An Attendant,*	———
A Servant,		———

Priests, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, &c. &c.

CAIUS GRACCHUS.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.

A STREET IN ROME.

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS, *looking occasionally back, as if observing something passing behind them.*

Marc. Who is that next him in mourning?

Tit. His nephew. The rest are common friends. Poor Vettius! No one will plead for him.

Marc. Peace! They are coming on.

Enter VETTIUS, *and his Friends, in mourning, followed by* PROBUS, *and other Citizens.*

Vettius. Weep not my friends for me—for Rome—for Rome
Reserve your tears. Her pride is turned to shame,
Her wealth to poverty, her strength to weakness;
Her fair report into a blasted name
Which owns no grace of virtue. Who would thrive
In Rome, let him forget what honour is,
Truth, reverence for the gods, respect for man;

Let him have hands consort with deeds, whose names
The doer whispers, while he cannot force
His eyes to go the way of his hands.—Ay, gaze!
Ye poor despis'd and outcast sons of Rome
That crouch to your own power by men more strong,
Only because more daring, wrench'd from you—
Ay, gaze! and see your lovers, one by one,
Cut off!—and never curse, unless it be
Your own hands that you dare not stretch to save them.

[*Exit Vettius and Friends.*

Tit. Masters, we are in a sorrowful plight indeed, when such a friend as Vettius spurns us.

Marc. See!—Who is that he stops to speak to?

Tit. Know you not? Why, you've seen him as often as you've seen your own hand. 'Tis the Senator Fannius—that Fannius, that looks so sweetly on the people, and, for all that, never yet did them a good turn.

Marc. O! is it he?

Tit. To be sure it is!—See how he leans to Vettius, and seems to pity him. I warrant you there's a tear in his eye now, although his heart would laugh to tell you how it came there. See, he puts his hand upon his breast! That's an appeal to his honesty—which is always sure to be out of the way, whenever any one else happens to call upon it.—O, he's a proper Patrician!

Marc. Think you they will condemn Vettius?

Tit. Think you he is a friend to the people?

Marc. Who doubts that he is?

Tit. Who doubts, then, they will condemn him?

Marc. See! Fannius quits him.

Tit. And he's as much his friend as ever he was. His absence will profit him just as much as his presence.

Marc. Yonder come Licinius and Caius Gracchus.

Tit. Ha!—who knows but Gracchus will speak for Vettius!

Marc. Not he! He never appears in the assemblies of the people.

Probus. No! He loves to keep house better. He is married, you know; and his wife is a fair woman. No wonder he prefers her company to our's.

Marc. Do they say he is a man of any parts?

Tit. Yes; he assisted his brother Tiberius once, when he was Tribune; and he was thought to be of great promise. 'Tis said he is much given to study.

Marc. 'Twould seem so, indeed; and that he had not yet found out it was the Patricians who murdered his brother. I would have taken more revenge for a cur of mine that had been lamed, than Caius took for his brother that was murdered! What revenge did he take? None! He kept house, while the Patricians buried his brother in the Tiber! Rome has nothing to hope from him.

Prob. Nay, that's certain. He'll never die for the people.

Marc. Die!—No, nor live neither.

Tit. Silence! They are here.

Enter Licinius *and* Caius Gracchus.

Licin. Health to you, masters!

Marc. Health to Licinius!

C. Gracc. (to Licin.) The people look coldly on me.

Licin. Hang them! They show fine airs at their own handiwork.—I'll speak to them.

C. Gracc. Gently, I pray you! they are bare and hungry,
Houseless and friendless, and my heart bleeds for them.

Licin. What is the cause of your collecting?

Tit. We come to see Vettius condemned.

Licin. Why do you say "condemned?" The laws are to try him! He will have justice!

Marc. Ay, from the Patricians!

Licin. What of the Patricians? Are not the Patricians just?

Marc. Not to the people.

Licin. Why not?

Marc. Because they have the power to be otherwise. They have as great dominion over the people, as over their oxen; and so they treat them like their oxen;—unhide them, hack them up, and feed upon them.

Licin. Are the people, then, no better than their oxen, that they endure all this?

Marc. What can the people do? They have no friends that will speak, or act for them. The people can do nothing of themselves—they have no power. If they people could find friends——

Licin. Peace! Peace!—If you gain friends, you lose them straight.
Whoe'er would die for you, may die for you.—
You shrug, you shiver, and you whine; but he
That pities you, has need himself of pity.
You make a big shout, and a frightful face,
But in your acts are little to be feared.

Marc. Are you against us too? You, that were Tiberius's friend!

Licin. Who but his friend should be against you? You!
That fell from him in danger, who to you
In danger clung? Who would not be against you?
Drowning, you make a cry; and when a hand
Is found to keep your head above the flood
And bear you safe to land, at the first wave
That booms upon you—idiots in your fear!—
You mar his skill, and sink him to the bottom!

Marc. Is that our way?

Licin. Ask you for friends, who to your friends are foes?—

In presence too of Caius Gracchus here,
Whose brother you gave up to death?

Marc. We gave!

Licin. Ye gave! When, in the exercise of your rights,
The nobles, with their herd of slaves and clients,
Drove you—a base herd to be so driven!—
With clubs and levers from the market-place—
What did you then?—Like spectres—with your fear,
Livid and purg'd of substance—you glar'd on
And saw Tiberius, mangled with their staves,
Into the Tiber thrown, as butchers cast
The entrails to the tide.

C. Gracc. No more, Licinius;
Pray you no more; you are too stern with them!

Licin. Too stern! Would the Patricians learn of me,
I'd teach them how to cater for the people.
They should not have a vote! If free-born men
Will crouch like slaves, why would you have them freemen!

C. Gracc. It is his mood, friends—Let him be—Ne'er mind him!

[*Exit Licinius. Caius Gracchus follows him.*

Marc. 'Tis plain Licinius is no friend of ours.

Tit. He says truth. You suffered the Patricians and their slaves to murder Tiberius.

Marc. If Licinius is so bitter against us, what must we expect from Caius?

Tit. Yet would he have stopped Licinius when he railed at us. Who knows but Caius would befriend the people if he could?

Marc. Not he! He'd hang the people if he could! Come, masters! To the Forum. Farewell, Tiberius! He would not see Vettius accused without defending him. 'Twill be long before we shall see such another friend as Tiberius! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE SECOND.

THE FORUM.

Enter FLAMINIUS, *as Consul*, OPIMIUS, FANNIUS, TUDITANUS, *and other Patricians.*

Opim. How would you cure a state o'er-run with evils,
But as you'd cleanse a garden rank with weeds?
Up with them by the roots! The slothful hand
That will not bend it to the needful work,
Mars its own ease, and profitless expends
The labour which it grudges! Why falls Tiberius,
If not his coadjutor? Vettius free,
Gracchus should have been free, and Rome a slave.

Flamin. (*to Tuditanus.*) Know you what friend he trusts with his defence?

Tuditan. 'Tis rumoured, but I say not with what truth,
That, hopeless of acquittal, he will plead
Guilty, and throw himself upon our mercy.

Opim. Our mercy, then, is mercy to ourselves:
In showing which, we dare not pardon him.
Caius, I trust, will not appear for him?

Fann. Not he: he shuns all care of public questions,
And seems to be a mild retiring man.
He is not of the temper of Tiberius;
Or, if he is, he does not emulate
His fate.

Opim. I would not have him speak for Vettius:
His voice would be omnipotent against us.

Fann. See, Vettius is at hand! Opimius,
You will conduct the prosecution.

Enter VETTIUS, *with his Friends, followed by* TITUS, MARCUS, *and Citizens.*—OPIMIUS *ascends the Rostrum.*

Opim. Vettius, stand forth!
Vettius. Behold, Opimius,
The sacrifice is ready.
Opim. The false man
Is his own sacrificer. Gentle Romans,
When shall we live as brothers? Is not Rome
Our common mother? Why should we, her sons,
Be foes?—Ye powers that favour civil concord,
Prepare your vengeance for the fratricide,
Foments distrust among us.
Tit. Opimius pays the people court.
Marc. Yes, he rides us well. He strokes us, when we do not need the spur.—O, we are gentle beasts!
Opim. You, Spurius Vettius, I accuse of treason. What answer you?
Vettius. That, since the times decree
To innocence what was in ancient days
The penalty of guilt, I am prepared
To suffer your award, and answer—Guilty!
Flamin. And wave you all defence?
Vettius. When knew you, Consul,
A man already cast, to make defence?
I seem at large, but well am I advised
My cause is tried, and final sentence pass'd.
If you would have me use a Roman's right,
Show me the Romans I shall claim it of.
Call you these Romans? Why, your very slaves
Put on a prouder port, and cower not thus
Before you!
Opim. Hear you his seditious speech?
But he convicts himself.—Say, Romans, say
What penalty do you adjudge the traitor?

Tudit. Let it be death.

Tit. Nay, good Tuditanus, name some other punishment. We will consent to banish him.

Opim. It is too mild a sentence. Let it be death!

Senators. Ay, death!

Flamin. Come down, Opimius, help us to collect
The votes.

Vettius. O Romans! he that is content
To live among you, prostrate as you are,
Should suffer worse than death!

Opim. Your votes! your votes!

[*C. Gracchus appears in the Rostrum.*

C. Gracc. Opimius, hold!

[*Upon hearing C. Gracchus, the people shout, press round the Rostrum, and cry,* "Caius! Caius Gracchus! Caius! Caius!"

Opim. How!—Gracchus in the Rostrum!

C. Gracc. Hold, good Opimius! do not yet collect
The votes.

Titus and Citizens. No! No!—No votes!

Marc. Speak, Caius Gracchus, speak.

C. Gracc. I come to plead for Vettius.

Tit. Go on! Go on!

C. Gracc. The brother of Tiberius, for the friend!

Marc. Noble Caius, go on!

C. Gracc. I pray you, gentle friends, if I should make you
A poor, confus'd, disjointed, graceless speech,
Let it not hurt the man for whom I plead.
If I should falter—If my heart should rise
Into my throat, and choke my utterance—
Or, if my eyes should with a torrent drown
My struggling words—let it not, I beseech you,
Let it not hurt the man for whom I plead!

Tit. Go on, Gracchus. Take courage! Go on!

Marc. Tiberius lives again! Tiberius speaks.

C. Gracc. Tiberius lives again! Alas, my friends!
Go ask the Tiber if he lives again.
Cry for him to its waters! they do know
Where your Tiberius lies, never to live
Again!—Their channel was his only grave,
Where they do murmur o'er him; but with all
The restless chafing of their many waves,
Cannot awake one throb in the big heart
That wont to beat so strong, when struggling for
Your liberties!

Tit. Noble Tiberius!

Marc. Noble Caius! See how he weeps for his brother.

Opim. Their hearts are his already. Our labour's lost.

C. Gracc. What is't you do? Is it to banishment
Or death, you are about to doom that man?
Know you no heavier punishment for those
That love you? Rather let them live, to hear
You groan beneath the burdens of the great,
And bear it!—to behold you vilely spurn'd
By clients, bondsmen, hirelings, and bear it!
To see you grip'd by heartless usury!
To hear your children cry to you for food!
Without a shelter for your wretched heads;
Or land enough to serve you for a grave,
And bear it! To a Roman, such as Vettius,
What banishment, what death, were suffering
Equal to life like this!

Tit. Most true! Most true!

Marc. Vettius is a friend to the people, and therefore he is accused!

1*st Citizen.* Ay, that's his crime.

2*d Citizen.* He's innocent.

Tit. and Marc. Vettius is innocent!

Opim. Have you done, Caius?
For, by your leave, I will produce my witnesses.
Vettius. They are the creatures of thy tampering;
Wretches that feed upon the victims of
Thy cruelty.
Opim. Hoa there! My witnesses!
Marc. No witnesses! No witnesses!
Tit. Speak, Gracchus, speak.
Marc. We'll hear you, Gracchus, before a thousand witnesses. No witnesses! Go on!
Citizens. Go on! Go on!
C. Gracc. Romans! I hold a copy of the charge—
And depositions of the witnesses.
Upon three several grounds he is arraign'd.
First, that he strove to bring the magistracy
Into contempt; next, that he form'd a plot,
With certain slaves, to raise a tumult; last—
And were there here the slightest proof, myself
Would bid him sheathe a dagger in his breast!—
That he conspir'd with enemies of Rome—
With foreigners! barbarians! to betray her!
The first, I'll answer—Vettius is a Roman,
And 'tis his privilege to speak his thoughts.
The next, I'll answer—Vettius is a freeman,
And never would make compact with a slave.
The last, I'll answer—Vettius loves his country,
And who that loves his country would betray her!
But, say they, "We have witnesses against him."
Name them!—Who stands the first upon the list?
A Client—I'll oppose to him a Senator.
Who next? A Slave—Set down a Roman Knight.
Who follows last? The Servant of a Questor—
I'll place a Tribune opposite to him!
How stand we now? Which weighs the heavier?
Their Questor's Servant, or my Tribune?—Their

Slave, or my Roman Knight?—Their Client, or
My Senator?—Now, call your witnesses!

Marc. We'll have no witnesses!

Tit. For your sake, Caius, we acquit him.

Marc. Vettius is innocent!

Citizens. Ay! Ay! Ay!

Marc. The tribes acquit Vettius by acclamation.

Citizens. We do! We do!

Opim. Hear me, I say!

Citizens. No! No! No!

C. Gracc. Their voices are against you, Opimius!

Flamin. To please the people, we withdraw our charge.

Citizens. Huzza! Huzza!

C. Gracc. Come, Vettius, come! my brother's friend is free!

Citizens. Huzza! Huzza!

[*Exeunt Caius, Vettius, and Citizens.*

Flamin. This was their policy! What's to be done?

Opim. Remove him from the city, and you nip
The danger in the bud! I'll take him for
My Questor, if you'll name him to the office,
And render good account of him—Who waits
Until a reptile stings him, ere he crushes it?
Tread on it at once!

Flamin. Your counsel pleases me.
Here's the commission I design'd for Carbo,
All but the name, fill'd up. In Carbo's place,
I'll insert Caius, and despatch it to him.

Opim. I leave Rome ere an hour.

Flamin. He shall have orders
Most positive, to bear you company.

Opim. Of your decision you shall reap the fruits,
Or, when you name your friends, leave out Opimius!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THIRD.

CAIUS GRACCHUS'S HOUSE.

Enter LICINIA *and* LIVIA.

Licinia. I am the happiest wife in Rome, my Livia!
The happiest wife in Rome!
Livia. I doubt it not;
But there's Flaminus' wife, the other day,
Scarce from the Forum to her house could pass
For salutations, that her husband won
The Consulate.
Licinia. That day, my Caius sat
At home with me, and read to me, my Livia.
Little car'd I who won the Consulate!
Livia. And there's Lectorius has obtain'd a government;
His wife will be a queen!
Licinia. Well, let her be so!
My queendom is, to be a simple wife.
This is my government, my husband's house,
Where, when he sits with me, he is enthron'd;
Enough. You'll smile; but, Juno be my witness,
I'd rather see him, with his boy upon
His knee, than seated in the Consul's chair,
With all the Senate round him.
Livia. Yet his greatness
Must needs be thine!
Licinia. I do not care for greatness.
It is a thing lives too much out of doors;
'Tis any where but at home; you will not find it

Once in a week, in its own house, at supper
With the family! Knock any hour you choose,
And ask for it; nine times in ten, they'll send you
To the Senate, or the Forum, or to such
Or such a one's, in quest of it! 'Tis a month
Since Caius took a meal from home, and that
Was with my brother. If he walks, I walk
Along with him, if I choose; or, if I stay
Behind, it is a race 'twixt him and the time
He promis'd to be back again, which is first,
And when he's back, and the door shut on him,
Consummate happy in my world within,
I never think of any world without!

Livia. Well, then, you are the happiest wife in Rome.

Licinia. Tell me, and did Flaminius' wife weep, Livia,
That day that Rome did salutation unto her?

Livia. Weep!—No, why should she weep?

Licinia. For happiness.
Do you see?—I cannot talk of Caius, but
I weep, so blessed happy am I!—There's
Cornelia.—That's her step I hear! She is
The kindest mother to me, Livia; though
She sometimes chides me, that I'd have my Caius
Live for his wife alone.

Enter CORNELIA.

Cor. Good day, my Livia.
Now would I lose my head, could I not tell
What this fair thing, that calls me mother, has
Been talking of; if not her husband, then
For once hath the hundredth chance turn'd up, with all
The ninety-nine against it!

Licinia. Well, a wife
May talk of her husband!

Cor. Did I not tell you so?
Well, well!—I've just now come from thy young Caius—

We've almost quarrel'd; would you think it?—Mind,
Licinia, what I say; that boy's the making
Of a man—will not be kept on humble terms
With fortune, but walk up to her, and challenge her
To smile, or frown her most!

Licinia. It must content me,
His father is not such one!

Cor. May be!

Licinia. Ay, but I'm sure of it!

[*Sits down to her embroidery.*

Livia. Good day, Licinia.
Cornelia, health be with you.

Licinia. Must you go?
You have not told me yet the morning's news!

Livia. Indeed I've heard none; save that Vettius,
They say, is to be banish'd, which no doubt
You know already.

Licinia. Not a word of it!
What is the time of day?

Livia. 'Tis the third hour,
And past. Good day again.

Cor. Good day, my Livia. [*Exit Livia.*
Why, my Licinia, what's the matter with you?
You've suffer'd Livia to depart, without
Saying good-bye to her.

Licinia. 'Tis past the time
Caius should have been back, almost an hour.

Cor. Well, what and if it is?—Go on with your work,
And wile the time away; the sooner he'll
Be with you. Why, you've done that rose to the life!
A musk rose, is it not? 'Tis every thing
Except the scent, and that almost I think
I can perceive with looking on't! Indeed
You are a skilful needle!

Licinia. Do you think
Caius hath ought to do with Vettius' trial?

Cor. Think what is passing on Olympus! One way
Or the other, what concerns it us? Men have
Their proper business, which no part it is
Of ours to help to manage.—Why, that thread's
A crimson one you're taking to the leaf!

Licinia. Cornelia! Mother! Do you know any thing
About Caius?—I'm sure you do! You praise
My work, when I discourse of him—When I ask you
Concerning him, your answer but puts off
The proper one, which were it good to have
Would you not give it me? I fear, I know
Not what.—O tell me what have I to fear—
Keep me not in the dark.—A thing we see not
Stirring will startle us; which, when light comes,
We smile to find could do it.

Cor. Take your seat again,
And I'll sit down by you; and listen to me.

Licinia. I thank you now, Cornelia!

Cor. Thank me, by and by,
You should; but I doubt you will not. I know nothing
Of Caius' measures.

Licinia. Measures!—Hath he measures?

Cor. Hath he hands and feet?—Hath he brains and heart?—Is he
A man?—What do you take him for?—Have men
No parts to play but lovers?—What! Are they
Not citizens as well?—Have they not crafts,
Callings, professions?—Women act their parts
When they do make their ordered houses know them.
Men must be busy out of doors—must stir
The city;—yea, make the great world aware
That they are in it; for the mastery
Of which they race, and wrestle, and such feats
Perform, the very skies, in wonderment,
Echoing back earth's acclaim, cry out of them!

Enter LICINIUS.

What want you with me, my Licinius? (*Goes to him and takes him aside.*) You
Have come to tell me something.—Caius hath spoken
For Vettius.—I was certain he would do it.—
He has enter'd the lists! He has stripp'd for the course!
I know
He will not get fair play, no more than his brother!
These fears are not good omens, my Licinius!—
But let him run it nobly!

Licin. Nobly he
Hath started.—Vettius is acquitted.

Cor. So far
All's well!—Away! Hurry him home to us—
The sooner here the better!

Licinia. Stay, Licinius!

Cor. I'll tell you all, Licinia—Let him go.
[*Exit Licinius.*
Caius hath spoken in the Forum for
His brother's friend, and they've acquitted him.

Licinia. (*Bursting into tears.*) An hour ago, I was the happiest wife
In Rome!

Cor. Licinia, if you are Caius' wife,
I am his mother.—Is he not dear to me?
My youngest son, and last! Yet do I bear,
What I do know must come! I know my son!
Know thou thy husband—know thou Caius Gracchus.
He loves his mother well—Licinia better—
His country best! As I, his mother, grudge not,
That he prefers thee—thou, his wife, repine not,
That he prefers his country.—Both of us
Make up our minds to all may follow.

LUCIUS, *entering.*

Lucius. My master's coming, Cornelia, attended by

a crowd of citizens, who rend the air with shouts. They say, he has procured the acquittal of the noble Vettius. —Rome is all joy and exultation.

Cor. Run to the door, and wait upon thy master.

[*Exit Lucius. Shouts.*

Hear you, Licinia? Away with these sad looks!
Damp not thy husband's triumph! (*Shouts.*) Can you hear
The people's shouts, and not partake their joy?

Licinia. I can remember, when Tiberius fell,
Not one of all of them had voice enough
To bid his murderers stop!

Cor. 'Tis well, Licinia!
Had he not fallen in a generous cause,
I should have thought of that as well as you.

[*Shouts are repeated.*

Enter CAIUS GRACCHUS *and* LICINIUS.

My son! my Caius, give you joy! You've saved
The life of your brother's friend!

C. Gracc. Licinia knows it?

Cor. She does—go to her.

C. Gracc. She has more to learn.
Scarce had I left the Forum, when a message
From the Consul follow'd, giving me the post
Of Questor, and requiring me on the instant
To join Opimius.

Cor. What, and must you leave us?
I did not look for this.—At once, my Caius?—
Well, son, I'm ready.—Go, prepare thy wife.

C. Gracc. What, my Licinia! Don't you speak to Caius?

Licinia. You never said a word of it to me!

LICINIUS, *entering.*

Licin. Come, Caius, are you ready?

Licinia. Ready for what?
C. Gracc. To take a ride, wife, and a long one too!
Licin. The general waits.
Licinia. The general waits! What general?
Where are you going, Caius? O, ye gods!
What's to become of me? Tell me the worst.
C. Gracc. Love, I'm appointed Questor to Opimius;
And but a moment have for the farewells
Would take a day to speak, and many still
Left over!—Wife—Licinia—If you love me!—
Licinia. If I love you!—
Cor. Ay, Licinia, if you love him.
Wouldst have thy husband be the lowest man
In Rome? Thou knowest none may hope to gain
The honours of the state, who have not shown
Their prowess in the field. A Roman wife
Is married to her husband's glory, not
His ease and pleasure! Come, come, take your leave of him.
Licinia. I'll see you to your horse.
Cor. What, with that face?
Licinia. Will you not see your boy before you go?
C. Gracc. I saw him, sweet, as I came in.
Licinia. Well, Caius,
Good-bye!
C. Gracc. Now, that's my own Licinia.
I'll send you letters, love, day after day.
Now, that's my own brave girl, to give me a smile!
'Tis like a sunny morning to a traveller
At setting out, fills him with happiest omens!
Farewell!
Licinia. I'll see you to the door!
C. Gracc. So do.
Keep up your heart, love; I can come to you,
You know, at a day's calling—think of that!
Or you can come to me;—and you will write

Me letters, won't you? Every word of which
I'll kiss, and think it is the hand that trac'd them!
There now—and, love, remember, as I shall,
Sad parting makes sweet meeting. Now, my Licinia!
[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.

THE STREET BEFORE CAIUS'S HOUSE.

Enter FANNIUS.

Fann. The gods provide for him. Fame talks of him,
As of a theme she could emblazon the more
The more she should dilate on't.—Enemies
Contend with friends which shall outdo the other
In vaunting of him.—Yea, the hands that hate him,
Supply him but with richest kindnesses;
The bane they'd give him turning into good.
This Questorship, for his undoing meant,
Has built him up a thousand times the man
He was before—that scarce a day can pass,
But something's added, to swell up the amount
Of his too prosperous fortunes.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Flamin. Health, my Fannius.
Opimius is arrived.

Fann. I am glad of it.

Flamin. Something to temper joy—would you believe it?
Gracchus is now in Rome, or soon to be.
Fann. Ha! it was that which brought Licinius to
His house.—I saw him enter it just now.
Flamin. What think you?
Fann. That, if he returns to Rome,
Rome's at his feet.
Flamin. Come to the Senate; something
Must be resolved upon to hurt his credit,
And slake the people's joy at seeing him.
Fann. Effect but that, thou art a god to Rome!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE SECOND.

CAIUS GRACCHUS'S HOUSE.

Enter CORNELIA, LICINIA, *and* LICINIUS.

Cor. Are you not pleas'd at this, Licinia?
Licinia. No.
Nor pleas'd, nor yet displeas'd, Cornelia.
What care I, that the world allows him good
And wise? Did I not know him so before?
Had I a doubt of it? Whom did I ask
To give their oath of it? I was content
With mine own knowledge! Why should I be glad
That all do praise him? For his sake?—Alas!
For any cause but that!—Whom all do praise,
Hath but a thousand eyes for one bent on him
Can lower, as well as smile! I did not wed

Thy son, as one would choose an idle gem
To other's eyes to sparkle; but because
He shone to mine.

Cor. Hear her!—Go on, Licinius.

Licin. His very fame more profit brings to Rome,
Than the exploits themselves of other men.
His fair renown has charm'd Micipsa so,
That he has sent large store of corn to the army;
And his ambassadors have made it known
To the Senate, in full assembly, that their master
Performed this from his mere respect for Caius.

Cor. O glorious boy!—Surpass thy mother's hopes.
What said the Senate? Were they not struck with this?
Did they not own the virtue of my son,
And praise the name of Gracchus?

Licin. They!—Alas!
Their proud blood bows to aught but virtue!—No!—
The ambassadors were spurn'd! driven out with shame,
Sent back with scorn, as mere barbarians, who,
By showing their just preference of your son,
Slighted the Senate of its due respect.

Licinia. Unhappy Caius! thy conspicuous virtue,
But marks thee out the victim of the Senate.

Cor. It marks him out the favourite of the gods!
Think'st thou, I rear'd my son to follow virtue,
Only for men's acclaim? It ill had fitted
The child of Scipio—and had never made me
The mother of the Gracchi!—Say, Licinius,
Knows Caius this?

[*Aside to him.*

Licin. (*Aside to Cor.*) He does, from many hands.
His friends are strong.—The Senate cannot hide
His worth from Rome.—The people think of Caius,
As their sole hope; and should he stand for Tribune,
He must obtain the office.

Cor. What! and will

He stand for Tribune!—Wherefore do I ask?
Do I not know he will? [*Shouts.*
Licinia. What means that shout?
Licin. Forgive me, sister, that I have concealed
The measures of his friends, who have advis'd him
To show himself at once in Rome. No doubt
'Tis Caius, and the people welcome him!
Licinia. 'Tis Caius! hear I right?—'Tis he! my Caius!

Enter CAIUS GRACCHUS *and* POMPONIUS.

C. Gracc. My soul! we meet again!—My honour'd mother!
Cor. The mother is honour'd in her son, my Caius!
C. Gracc. Licinius, friend and brother, I receiv'd
Your letters, and I thank you for your care.
Licinia, thank the gods! we meet again.
How is our boy, love? How art thou thyself?
Let me look at thee!—Well, as my heart could wish.
Great Jove, to look on such a precious thing,
And call it mine!—You may smile, Marcus, but
There's such a thing, as loving one's wife.—Licinia!
Am I not with thee again? Let him who thinks
The world is worth his home, exchange home for it
A little time, he'll find he has lost a world,
Not found one!

LUCIUS, *entering.*

Lucius. Caius, a messenger
From the Senate.
C. Gracc. Admit him. [*Exit Lucius.*
Mother, you'll give me leave.—Licinia!
I've many things to tell thee. Count these gems, love;
They were a gift to me for thee, from hands
Do only know thee from thy husband's tongue,
Ne'er yet could speak the moiety of thy worth.

Go with my mother, sweet; I have neglected
Some matters of high duty, just to snatch
This look of thee, and those must now be done,
Ere I can banquet longer.

Licinia. Caius, you'll
Be with us soon?

C. Gracc. That soon 's a feat of time,
With shortest flight, and swiftest expectation,
It cannot now perform.—Our haste shall own
No stop can be pushed by.

Licinia. Remember now!

[*Exeunt Cornelia and Licinia.*

C. Gracc. Now for the Senate!

Lictor enters.

Lictor. The Senate, Caius, cites you to appear
Before the Censors.

C. Gracc. Well!—Acquaint the Senate
I shall obey. [*Exit Lictor.*

Pom. 'Twas rumour'd, ere you came,
Opimius had return'd; on which account
The Senate had been suddenly convok'd.

C. Gracc. I did expect as much. Let me think! Let me think!
Nothing done rashly—nor yet timidly.
The mean 's discretion, back'd by sedate resolve—
I cannot do it! My blood's a point too warm!
To hear a man deal out morality,
Axiom upon axiom—for an hour dilate
Upon the value of an aphorism—
Amplify to o'er-running in the cause—
And then, at every allegation,
Invoke no less a witness than high Jove
Himself, and know him all the while to play
The knave—great Hercules! it sets my veins
A-boiling!

Licin. Caius, you would need a rein
More firmly rul'd than this.
C. Gracc. I know it—I know it,
As well as you—Hang them! I'll try and play
The cautious man for once.—'Tis time to choose
New Tribunes, is it not?
Pom. It is.
C. Gracc. You see
I cannot be at home an hour, but they
Let loose the dogs upon me.—Come! to the Censors!
Now will you see them hold their hands to the gods!
Behold my brother's blood upon those hands;
Yea, dripping from them, which was wip'd as cool
As it was water.—They believ'd I had
Forgot Tiberius's death!—Ay, while I heard
The Tiber talk of it in every murmur
Of its uneasy tide!
Licin. How do you mean
To act?—Your plans?
C. Gracc. How do I mean to act!—
My plans!—Come with me to the Campus Martius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THIRD.

THE CAMPUS MARTIUS.

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. So, Caius is return'd from the army?
Marc. Ay! there's not an honest man in Rome but's glad of it.

Tit. Why gather the people to the Campus Martius?

Marc. Here are two Senators' gentlemen will inform you.

Enter two Servants.

Tit. Health to you, master.

Sextus. Health to you, master.

Tit. Can you tell us why the people gather this way?

Sextus. For the old reason, friend. We are all good till we're tried.

Tit. Ay, indeed! What honest man has turn'd rogue to-day?

Sextus. Many a one, I doubt; but chiefly he whom our good citizens believe the honestest in Rome.

Marc. Mean you your master, friend?

Sextus. No: I mean the master of the people—the gentleman who feels for their empty stomachs, and gives them words to eat—your Caius Gracchus, who calls our tradesmen the nobility of Rome—and so indeed they are, if rags can make them so.

Marc. No bad evidence! You cannot wear the wool, without shearing the sheep. But, pray, what's the matter with Caius Gracchus?

Sextus. Only that he has returned from the army without his general's leave—nothing more—except a whisper or two about the tumult at Fregella. 'Tis said he had a hand in it.

Marc. What's your opinion?

Sextus. Believe me, it does not favour him.

Marc. What! you like the fare that the Patricians give?

Sextus. What fare?

Marc. A good dinner. Caius, you say, feeds the people upon words.—A very natural preference! There's not a dog or an ass in Rome that would not be of your mind.

Sextus. Pray, which of the two may you be, friend?

Marc. Why ask you?

Sextus. O! merely that, upon occasion, I may know whether I ought to take my foot or my staff to you. No offence, I hope. I have all the respect in the world for you, believe me.

Tit. You have the worst of it. Let me take him in hand. Hark you, master; a word with you.

Sextus. Your pleasure, master?

Tit. How comes your cloak to have that gloss upon it?

Sextus. Not by partaking of your grease, friend.

Tit. My grease! Why, man, there's as much fat in a tanned hide as in all my body! The Patricians have sweated me to very leanness; and left me nothing to recruit withal, but hunger and nakedness.

Sextus. They are right. They find that their cattle grow restive with abundance of provender.

Tit. But they feed their curs, friend.

Sextus. Whom do you call a cur?

Tit. Down with your staff, master, for I have another that may ruffle the gloss of your cloak for you. What! has any thing surprised you? Do you wonder that the order which wins your battles in the field, should refuse your blows in the city? You despise us when you have no need of us; but, if an ounce of power or peculation is to be gained through our means, O! then you put on your sweet looks, and, bowing to the very belts of our greasy jackets, you exclaim, "Fair gentlemen!—kind fellow-citizens!—loving comrades!—sweet, worthy, gentle Romans!—grant us your voices!"—Or, if the enemy is to be opposed—O! then we are "men of mettle!—heroes!"—(poor starved devils!)—"the defenders of our country!"—(that is, your cattle, as you call us)—and so indeed we are. We bear your Patricians on our backs to victory!—we carry them

proudly through the ranks of the barbarians! They come off safe—we get the knocks, the pricks, and the scratches. They obtain crowns and triumphs—we cannot obtain—a dinner! They get their actions recorded—we get our's forgotten! They receive new names and titles—we return to our old ones with which you honour us:—"the rabble!—the herd!—the cattle!—the vermin!—the scum of Rome!"

Sextus. Pray, friend, will you look at this staff of mine?

Tit. I look at it, friend.

Sextus. Is it not a staff, friend?

Tit. Yes, if a staff is a staff, friend.

Sextus. If I am weary, it enables me to rest myself; if I am lame, it helps me to walk; if I quarrel, it knocks down my adversary;—and, yet, is it not always a staff, friend?

Marc. You have the worst of it. Let me attack him. Hark you, master. Does your staff ever knock its owner on the pate?

Sextus. How do you mean?

Marc. Why, thus. (*Strikes him.*)

Sextus. Do you want to quarrel?

Marc. O, by no means. I only wanted to show you the difference between a staff and a man, friend.

Tit. Turn on him again. I'll second you, and here is a troop of friends at hand.

Quintus. Bear with him no longer. Hither comes a band of our comrades.—I'll beckon them to make haste.

Marc. Hem!—Shall we go over the argument again, master? Is there any thing else your staff can do?

Sextus. Yes: when I carry it heedlessly, it sometimes chances to—trip me. (*Trips Marcus.*)

Enter Citizens from the one side, and Servants from the other.—Confused cry of "Down with the Citizens!" "Down with the Slaves and Servants!"

Enter FLAMINIUS, TUDITANUS, OPIMIUS, *and Senators.*

Flamin. Hold! hold! I charge you, you rash citizens!
What means this tumult? How! Is peace so old
That you are weary of it? Who began
This fray?
Sextus. That caitiff, yonder?
Tit. Our old names!
Marc. 'Twas that Patrician's hireling that began it.

[CAIUS GRACCHUS *and his Friends appear behind.*

Opim. Silence! ye wrangling discontented men!
Ye pest of Rome! What stirs you to this brawl?
I know your cue.—Your Gracchus has return'd,
And ye the signal give of discontent,
Conspiracy, and foul rebellion!—
A noble leader for your noble party!
A glorious soldier, that returns him home
Without his general's leave!—A worthy son
Of Rome, that tampers with her enemies,
And instigates her allies to revolt!
An honest patriot—(*Seeing C. Gracchus, checks himself.*)
C. Gracc. Proceed, Opimius!
Now is your proper time to speak.—I am here—
Gracchus is here!—Gracchus—that draws not on
A man behind his back!

[*Opimius is confused—he walks sullenly to the place appointed for him, as the accuser of Caius Gracchus—Gracchus takes his station—a short interval of silence, during which, he fixes his eyes steadfastly upon Opimius, who betrays considerable embarrassment.*

Opim. This lofty bearing
Befits the man could quit his post without

His general's leave, and use the sacred power
His office gave him, to pervert the faith
His duty 'twas to guard; as amply can
Fregella testify.

C. Gracc. Is this your charge?—
Censors! I'll save you labour.——It appears
I am cited here, because I have return'd
Without my general's leave, and for the crime
Of having rais'd the tumult at Fregella.
First, with the first. I have remain'd my time;
Nay, I have overserv'd it by the laws—
The laws which Caius Gracchus dares not break.
But, Censors, let that pass. I will propose
A better question for your satisfaction—
"How have I serv'd my time?" I'll answer that:—
"How have I serv'd my time?"—"For mine own gain,
Or that of the Republic?" What was my office?
Questor. What was its nature? Lucrative—
So lucrative, that all my predecessors,
Who went forth poor, return'd home rich—so rich,
Their very wine vessels resign'd their store
Of fluid wealth, only for wealthier freight
Of solid gold. I went forth, poor enough;
But have return'd, still poorer than I went.
Then, for my conduct as a soldier,
I do not blush to say, I have prevail'd
By mercy more than vengeance. I have won
From enemies their hearts, before their arms;
And held the tributary states to Rome,
By friendship more than fear. I have answer'd that.

1*st Censor.* If you have serv'd your time, and faithfully
Discharg'd your duty, as a Roman Questor,
So far you are acquitted.

Opim. To the next, then—
The tumult at Fregella.

C. Gracc. Ay! to that.
Produce your proofs!
Opim. I charge you as your general.
C. Gracc. Your proofs—your evidence—your witnesses.
Opim. Is it from thee, I hear this haughty challenge?
Who best should know thy actions? Wast thou not
Mine officer?—I charge thee with the treason.
Before the gods, I charge thee with it, Caius—
I say, I charge thee as thy general.
C. Gracc. Thou daring noble! Is it to the face
Of these upright authorities, thou claim'st
To be at once the witness and accuser?
Say, Censors, is it fit?—Is it the law!
1st Censor. The law permits it not. The accusation
And proof, in such a case, cannot exist
In the same person. Caius Gracchus, therefore,
Is free, unless you can find other cause
For his detention.
Opim. Censors, it is fit
You look to the public safety. If our criminals
Escape your penalties, your prisons and
Your chains will soon be our inheritance.
C. Gracc. Have the laws lost their reverence!
Flamin. The charge
Is heavy.
C. Gracc. Heavy as the proofs are light.
Ye citizens of Rome, behold what favour
Your masters show your brethren! I have borne
My country's arms with honour; overserv'd
My time; returned in poverty, that might
Have amass'd treasures—and they thus reward me—
Prefer a charge against me without proof,
Direct or indirect—without a testimony,
Weighty or light—without an argument,
Idle or plausible—without as much
Of feasibility, as would suffice

To feed suspicion's phantom! Why is this?
How have I bought this hatred? When my brother,
Tiberius Gracchus, fell beneath their blows,
I call'd them not assassins! When his friends
Fell sacrifices to their after-vengeance,
I did not style them butchers! When their hatred
Drove the Numidian nobles from the Senate,
With scoffs and execrations, that they prais'd me,
And to my cause assigned the royal bounty
Of King Micipsa, still I did not name them,
The proud, invidious, insolent Patricians!

Opim. Hear ye!—

C. Gracc. Ye men of Rome, there is no favour
For justice!—grudgingly her dues are granted!
Your great men boast no more the love of country.
They count their talents—measure their domains—
Number their slaves—make lists of knights and clients—
Enlarge their palaces—dress forth their banquets,
Awake their lyres and timbrels—and with their floods
Of ripe Falernian, drown the little left
Of virtue!

Opim. He would raise a tumult!

C. Gracc. No.
This hand's the first to arm against the man,
Whoe'er he be, that favours civil discord.
I have no gust for blood, Opimius!
I sacrifice to justice and to mercy!

Opim. He has aspers'd the justice of our order;
He flatters the Plebians, and should be
Attach'd and brought to question for this conduct.

C. Gracc. Romans, I ask the office of your Tribune!

Marc. Ay! you shall have it! Gracchus shall be Tribune!

Tit. Gracchus Tribune! Caius Gracchus Tribune!

Opim. Stay, friends! Take heed! Beware of flatterers!

C. Gracc. The laws! The laws! Of common right, the hold!
The wealth, the happiness, the freedom of
The nation! Who has hidden them—defac'd them—
Sold them—corrupted them from the pure letter?
Why do they guard the rich man's cloak from a rent,
And tear the poor man's garment from his back?
Why are they, in the proud man's grasp, a sword,
And, in the hand of the humble man, a reed?
The laws! The laws! I ask you for the laws!
Demand them in my country's sacred name!
Still silent? Reckless still of my appeal?
Romans! I ask the office of your Tribune!

[*Exeunt C. Gracchus and party, with Citizens shouting.*

Opim. Stop him from rising, or our order falls!

[*Exeunt Opimius, with the rest.*

SCENE FOURTH.

A STREET.

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS, *with Citizens.*

Tit. The work goes nobly on! Caius is sure to be Tribune. This is a happy day for Rome!

Marc. Ay, the people will have their rights. We shall know ourselves now, masters. See! hither comes a crowd of voters. Let us speak to them. (*Enter Voters.*) Health to you, masters. Are you going to vote?

1*st Voter.* Yes; if we can find an honest candidate.

Marc. Here's one ready to your hands, masters; Caius Gracchus. Choose him, and you'll do good service to your country. He'll see that you shall have your rights, nor will the Patricians dare to stop their noses when they pass us, as if we were so much carrion! Look you, masters, Caius is the friend of the Plebeians; he respects our order, and so he ought; and therefore, let every good citizen support him. Away, my friends! Vote, and cry Caius!

Voters. Caius Gracchus! Huzza! [*Exeunt Voters.*

Marc. He's sure of the election! The Patricians will eat poor suppers to night.

Tit. Here are more voters! (*Enter Voters.*) Save you, masters; are you going to vote for the right candidate?

1*st Voter.* Do you think we'd vote for the wrong one?

Tit. Then you'll vote for Caius Gracchus?

1*st Voter.* No—I dont like him. They say he'll bring the state into danger. We are men that love peace and concord.

Tit. Ay, and good feeding. Hark you, master, take these cattle to the stalls of the Patricians. The Patricians make profitable masters. They give stripes only now and then; but that's nothing, you know, to a kindly beast. Away, I say;—to the stalls with them.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter LICINIA *and* CORNELIA.

Cor. Caius, you see, is nowhere to be found.
Let us go home again.

Licinia. Not till I see him.
Livia was right; he'll surely stand for Tribune.
Let's seek him in the Forum.

Cor. Are you mad?

Go to the Forum after him! All Rome
Would talk of it!—When did you know a wife
Follow her husband to the Forum? Why,
'Twould set all fingers pointing; and they'd say,
Caius did well to take a wife to school him.
I'd rather lose a husband, than have people
So talk of mine!

Licinia. You wish him to be Tribune.

Cor. Licinia, no. I wish him not, my daughter;
But I do know that if he will be Tribune,
He will; and knowing that, the unwelcome thought
Must be my guest, I'd entertain with grace
For mine own dignity, and his contentment,
Which should not profitless be marr'd.—(*Shouts.*)—My child,
Why do you grasp me by the arm and tremble?
The people shout for joy!

Licinia. It is a kind
Of joy that's fearful to my mind.—A breeze
So airy, give it but a little more
Of breath, becomes a storm, and makes a wreck
Of the poor laughing vessel.

Enter LICINIUS.

O! my Marcus,
Know you where Caius is?—Think you he means
To stand for Tribune?—Have you come from him?
Or go you to him? Tell me every thing;
And ask me what you may, you will not set me
A task so hard I will not do it, Marcus.

[*Cornelia signs to Licinius.*

Licin. Sister, his own house is the likeliest place
To find him in.—I parted with him at
The Campus Martius.—He may be at home.
Go seek him there, and if he be not come,

Wait for him.—I, meanwhile, will look for him,
To bring him to you.

Licinia. Will you now, my Marcus?
Then we'll go home, Cornelia.—Mind your promise.
Search for him in the Forum.—If you meet
With any friend of his, inquire of him—
And if you find him, say I sent you for him—
And, brother, do not quit him till he comes.
Say, I have something to impart to him;
Matter of moment—cannot be put off—
That he expected not—that's just fallen out.—
Go!—and be sure you bring him to me, Marcus!

Cor. Haste you before, child. I've a word to say
To Marcus.

Licinia. Well, if you deceive me now.—
I'll trust you.

[*Exit Licinia from the top of the stage.*

Cor. In a word, what has he done?

Licin. Defeated the Patricians, and propos'd
Himself for Tribune.

Cor. It would come to this!
I knew that it would come to this, Licinius!
And I could tell what further it will come to,
If I would! No matter! Two such sons as mine,
Were never made for mothers that have eyes
Which are afraid of tears—that come to me
As old acquaintance. I did rear my boys
Companions for the gods!—Why wonder I
If they will go to them ere other men!
Many a time, when they have stood before me,
Such things as mothers seldom look upon,
And I have seem'd to feed on them with mine eyes,
My thoughts have ponder'd o'er their bier, where they
Lay stiff and cold!—I would not see them so
If I could help it—but I would not help it

To see them otherwise, and other men.—
My Caius must be Tribune!
[*Shouts several times, approaching nearer.*
Licin. And he is so!
Those shouts proclaim it. See, Cornelia,
He comes! Behold!—Look how they hem him round!
Why do you turn away?
Cor. I turn away
To see that flush of triumph on his cheek—
Which lights it up as he did feel a god—
And think how I may after see that cheek,
And think upon that flush. Licinia's well
Away;—it had o'ercome her quite.—Come, Marcus.
[*Cornelia and Licinius retire a little.*

Enter CAIUS GRACCHUS, DRUSUS, POMPONIUS, TITUS, MARCUS, *and Citizens shouting.*

C. Gracc. No more, my friends!—No more of this,
I pray you!
Disperse to your several homes. Why do you give
These honours to your servant?
Tit. Suffer us
To see you to your house.
Marc. Yes, Caius, yes.
We'll hail your honour'd mother and your wife.
Pom. Indulge the people, Gracchus!
C. Gracc. Well, my friends,
If you will go with me! (*Sees Cornelia.*) My honour'd mother!
Cor. May the great gods, who crown'd thee with this triumph,
Instruct thee so to use it, as to bless
Thy country!—With a firm and mighty hand
Mayest thou uphold the laws, and keep them ever
Above the proud man's violence, and within

The poor man's reach,—so shall thy mother—Rome!—
Acknowledge thee her son, and teach thy name
To the applauding tongues of after ages!—
Who is your brother Tribune?

C. Gracc. Worthy Drusus!

Cor. My son is happy in his colleague, Sir;
And let me trust will not dishonour him.

Drusus. My honour is to second him, Cornelia.

C. Gracc. Come, mother.

LICINIA *enters.*

Licinius. Ha, Licinia!

Cor. My Licinia, (*going up to her, while Licinius withholds Caius.*)
For Caius' honour, act like Caius' wife—
He's Tribune.

Licinia. Tribune!

Cor. Think what eyes are on you!—
You are the mother of a Roman too!—
Summon your spirits!—That's my daughter—Come
Up to him now at once, and wish him joy!

Licinia. Caius, I give you—

C. Gracc. My Licinia?—

Licinia. I give you—

C. Gracc. Come! Her heart doth overtask
Her tongue! (*Leading her off.*)

Licinia. Joy, Caius!—I do give you joy! (*Faints on his arm. The Curtain drops.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.

THE STREET.

Enter OPIMIUS *and* FLAMINIUS.

Opim. Saw you, Flaminius, how they look'd at us?
That was defiance. I could read the name
Of Gracchus on those daring brows of theirs.
Behoves us now a meek look, where, before,
We'd give a scowl: the people are our masters.
That Rome should ever see it!.

Flamin. We must bear it.

Opim. Ay, while our blood boils!—We must smile, Flaminius,
And at the same time grind our teeth, if so
It pleaseth Gracchus!—Gods, that a man I could take
By the throat and smite!—yea, set my foot upon
For perfect loathing!—whom I should think it righteous
To slay in a temple—ay, by Hercules,
At the altar of a temple;—that a man
Like that should order me, and do it too
By vilest instruments.—It is a task
For patience!

Flamin. Never king was absolute
In Rome as he. His will is law. Popilius
Can witness that, self-banish'd to escape
A heavier doom. The Senate hath he lopp'd
Of half its power, with his three hundred knights
Whom he has nam'd assistants to it, with
Equality of voices. Not a day
Passes, but some new edict weakens those
That should be strong, and makes them strong 'twere best
Were weak. And then his state!—He never moves
But in a crowd of knights, ambassadors;
Soldiers, and magistrates; artificers,
And men of letters, that attend on him.—
There's not a man in Rome but Caius Gracchus!

Opim. What would you say of him would rid Rome of him?

Flamin. I'd say he was a worthy son of Rome.

Opim. Flaminius—I'll effect it!

Flamin. By what means?

Opim. Have you e'er noted Drusus much?

Flamin. His colleague?

Opim. The same.

Flamin. A quiet, simple, honest man,
Who follows Gracchus with a modest zeal,
And rather seems, from an unaiming spirit,
To second his designs, than help them on
Through principle.

Opim. You have describ'd him well,
As he appears; I know him as he is.
'Tis opportunity that proves a man;
And trust me, Livius Drusus is not one,
That, having power, lacks will to overtop
His fellow. I will use this Livius Drusus,
To combat Gracchus, with the very means
That make him to be fear'd. Have patience, and

You'll see my policy.—They're coming to
The Forum.—Drusus last.—This shows me my
Exordium. [*Shouts.*

Enter C. Gracchus, Licinius, Pomponius, Flaccus, Fulvius, Titus, Marcus, *and Citizens*, Drusus *last.*

C. Gracc. Health to Flaminius!

Flamin. Health to Caius!

Opim. What business is to-day before the commons?

C. Gracc. Some colonies we think to send from Rome,
To the late conquer'd cities. Does Opimius
Approve the measure?

Opim. Gracchus asks the question,
As though he thought Opimius did not love
The people's good. 'Twere happy for the people,
If they, who flatter them, lov'd it as well.

C. Gracc. Whom does Opimius call the people's flatterer?

Opim. The man, would feed the people's vanity,
By making them aspire above themselves.

C. Gracc. Opimius, then, is not their flatterer;
He'd make the people look below themselves.
How would he rate them?—As we rate our herds.
How would he use them?—As we use our herds.
O may the people ever have such flatterers
As guard them from the kindness of such friends!

[*Exeunt C. Gracchus and his party; Drusus is following him, when Opimius, with affected surprise, stops him.*

Opim. Why, Livius Drusus, is it you? I thought
You were not come abroad to-day. No wonder!
You're not the man, methinks, it suits to close
The train attends upon your colleague, there.—
Ah! Drusus! if the Romans knew their friends,

They would not follow Gracchus thus, and leave
His betters at their heels!

Drusus. I do not court
Their favour, good Opimius. It contents me
To know that I discharge, with honesty,
The duty of their Tribune.

Opim. Livius Drusus,
There's not a man in Rome, but, if he speaks
The truth, will say, you do. I'll swear it for one
At any time! Were you not hurried now,
I'd tell you something, Drusus, that would show you
What men think of you; but, as 'tis, I'll keep it
Till you can hear it.—Yet this, before I leave you—
Drusus, I would I were a friend of your's,
To do you a friend's office! Give me your hand!—
I like you, Drusus!—You're an honest Tribune.—
I say I like you: and did I not say it
Behind your back, I would not to your face.
Farewell!—Perhaps you're not so call'd for neither
But you could spare a moment?

Drusus. If it be
Your pleasure.—

Opim. Thank you, Drusus, thank you. This
Is very kind of you.—You know Flaminius?

Drusus. I know his fair report.

Opim. You know him well, then;
But know him better.—Take him by the hand.—
He wants to know you more than by report.

Drusus. I would I knew how to deserve this honour.

Opim. I would you knew what honour you deserve.
There are men, Drusus, wear their worth so modestly,
They do not seem to know they have it. You,
I see, are one of these; and grieve to see it;
For such the mass account as common men—
As gold which is not coin'd, the unskill'd eye
Will take for brass.—Drusus, it makes me mad

To see the sterling'st ore thrown by, and that
Is basest hoarded only for the stamp
Which the other only wants!—I wish I had
The coining of you, Drusus!
Drusus. You would find
You overweigh'd me.
Opim. Not a grain, by Jupiter!
Or never weigh'd I yet an honest man.
And here's to try it! Would you, Drusus, dare
Achieve the thing you could and should?
Drusus. I were not
A man else.
Opim. Every one that knows you, Drusus,
Knows that you are a man!—but are you such
A man?
Drusus. I think I am.
Opim. I think so too.
But, ever, what we most desire to be
We fear may not be, though we know not why
We do so.——Drusus, I'll deal frankly with you.
I will not hesitate, nor wind about,
Nor speak by halves, as if I feared to let
My thoughts go from me. Listen to me, then.
Rome is in danger—discord reigns in her:
Her orders are opposed among themselves.
The people hate the Senate—call us proud,
Cruel, luxurious, avaricious; masters,
Oppressors, tyrants—men, alas! my Drusus,
That are not masters even of their own:—
The cause of this is Caius Gracchus. He,
For his own aims, lets no occasion pass
To inflame the commons; wherefore, he revives
Old grievances, or fancies present, or
Predicts to come: and should this course go on
Without obstruction, Rome will grieve to see
The end.—The Senate, justly fearing this,

Have much debated on the remedy;
And all at length agree there is but one,—
Namely, to find a man that's fit to mediate
Between them and the people.—Drusus—thou
Art he!

Drusus. Alas! what weight have I, Opimius,
To bear against the weight of Caius Gracchus?

Opim. What weight hast thou! Thou good and honest man!—
Now, by the gods, I love thee, Drusus, for
Thy true simplicity!—What weight hast thou!
Why, hast thou not the weight of Caius Gracchus?
You share one office—the same cares divide—
The same responsibilities—why not
The same respect? Oh, Livius Drusus! Caius
Were not content did Drusus lead the people,
And Gracchus humbly follow at their heels!
But let that pass. Deal frankly with a friend—
What think you, Drusus?—Do the Senate hate
The people?

Drusus. Nay, I would believe they did not.

Opim. I know you would—I think you do—but much
I wonder that you do, because 'tis not
The fashion. Drusus, do you think
I'll shuffle with you?—Do not answer me.—
I am sure you do not! Take my word then, Drusus,
The Senate love the people.—Ay, I know
'Tis easily said, but I will prove it to you:—
Know, then, I have been deputed to solicit
Your friendship for the Senate—not to oppose—
As once Octavius did the former Gracchus—
But to outdo your colleague in his plans
In favour of the people, still proposing
Some law for their additional advantage;
And only stating—as in simple fairness

You should—that so the Senate had express'd
Their wishes—nothing farther. By this means,
The people will be served—the Senate placed
Again in confidence—your rival stripp'd
Of dangerous influence—yourself exalted
According to your worth—and, to sum up
The whole at once, your country saved from ruin.

Flamin. You cannot hesitate in such a cause!

Drusus. I undertake the trust with sacred zeal;
And if I can compose the present evils,
Shall deem myself most happy.

Opim. I am sure of it,
And shall with joy report this to the Senate.
Meanwhile, be often with us.—Let us know
Your wishes for the people; we'll promote them.
What you say, should be, shall be, on your saying,
Or break at once with us. The tribes shall know
What 'tis to have a Tribune of repute,
Who does not use his office to promote
Cabal, and strife, and jealousy, and hate,
Like certain gentlemen.
To your work at once!
But, hark you, Livius Drusus; tell me truly,
Are you not over modest? Come!—Confess now.—
I know you are—I know, that, should the Senate
Give you your choice of honours, you'd refuse
To challenge e'en the smallest.—Well!—No matter!
Such men live for their country.—Heed not Gracchus,
If he upbraid you—if!—Should the Plebeians
Give but one shout for Drusus, he'll be sick
With all the gall of envy!—Come to the Senate,
To-morrow.—Be not strange with us, good Livius!
Mark him now!—Heed him well, for he is wily,
And thou art simple in thine honesty.—
You'll come to the Senate to-morrow?—Eye him,
Drusus,

He's a rank traitor!—Mind, to-morrow, now—
So, farewell, honest Drusus! [*Exit Drusus.*
Flamin. Nobly play'd!
Opim. Beyond my hopes. Let us inform our friends.
And, as the choice of Tribunes is at hand,
Prevent his re-election.—Come! Despatch!
Flaminius, wait at once upon the Senate.
[*Exit Flaminius.*
I have felt thee, Caius! The nobility
Of thy commanding nature, has oppos'd
And triumph'd o'er me.—Thou shalt feel me, now!—
Yet through another. Rest, until I gain
The Consulship, and thou no more art Tribune.
The weight of vengeance lies in the arm that sends it.—
[*Shouts.*
Ay, shout away! unmov'd, I hear you now.
The snare is spread, and let the lion roar! [*Exit.*

SCENE SECOND.

THE FORUM.

C. GRACCHUS *discovered in the Rostrum.*—TITUS, MARCUS, *and Citizens. The people shout.*

C. Gracc. No more, my friends! How often must I tell you,
You should not pay these honours to your Tribune?
Tit. Long may you live, Caius!
Marc. Prosperously and long!
Hither comes honest Drusus. Shall we shout for him?

Tit. Why should we? Think you, he is any great friend to the people? Not he! Is he not a quiet, easy, contented man, who lets things take their course? Can such a man be a friend to the people. No, no; he is no friend to the people. He is well enough in his place, because he keeps a rogue out of it; and just says ay, and no, according to the will of Caius.

Marc. You say right. For my part, I never liked your peaceable, honest man. Give me a stirring fellow, that will brow-beat the nobles, and call the authorities to account. That's your only Tribune.

Enter DRUSUS.

C. Gracc. Drusus, I have waited for you, and I am glad you have come.

Marc. Observe, he has'nt hurried himself.—Make way for honest Drusus!—make way there, rascals—let the good man pass! You may know by the fellow's gait, that he loves high feeding, and sleeps one-half of the day, for having dozed away the other half.

Tit. Silence! Caius is going to speak.—Cheer him, masters.

All. Huzza! Long live Caius!

C. Gracc. Romans, here are some plans of new decrees,
We mean to offer for your approbation.
I know not whether you will think them wise;
But this I know, the hand that drew them up,
Belongs to one would die to do you good.

Tit. Worthy Caius!

All. Long may you live, Caius!

C. Gracc. With grief we see you bare of many goods,
That make life sweet. Your wretchedness afflicts
The heart of Caius.—Thousands of brave men,
Wandering about the streets of Rome, without
Means, or employment to procure them! Now,

We here direct two colonies to be sent
To the late conquer'd cities.

Tit. Noble Caius!

Marc. Worthy Caius!

All. Caius for ever! [*Shouts.*

Drusus. My countrymen!

Marc. Drusus is going to speak.—Now for an oration.

Drusus. You need not learn I lack those noble parts,
Which make the orator you love to hear;
I have no merit, but my honesty;
And 'tis my honesty that says to you,
I'd die with Caius for the good of Rome!

Marc. Yes, yes; Drusus is an honest, quiet, good sort of man. That every body must say for him; but as for his speech, I'd make as good a one myself.—Cheer him, masters—cheer him!

[*The people cheer faintly.*

Drusus. I do not ask you to applaud me, Romans;
I love your welfare better than your praise.

Marc. Come, come, that's very well now; cheer for that, masters;—very well, indeed.—Cheer! Cheer!

[*They cheer louder.*

Drusus. I thank you fellow-citizens. Don't mind me.

Marc. Cheer him again, masters. [*A general cheer.*

Drusus. Romans, I know my colleague's love for you;
And, yet, methinks, he stints it in this measure.—
Two colonies!—What are two colonies?
Two handfuls!—He should stretch this grant, and ease
The groaning and debilitated state!
Two handfuls of the people, to two cities!
Caius for once adopts half measures.—I
Decree, that to each city there be sent
Three thousand of the poorest citizens—
Three thousand to each city.

Marc. Worthy Drusus! Noble Drusus! Huzza!

All. Huzza!

Drusus. Countrymen,
Pay me no thanks! Indeed you owe me none;
I only speak the wishes of the Senate.

Marc. The Senate! May we cheer for the Senate?

Tit. To be sure, if they do the people good!

Marc. Huzza for the Senate, masters;—Huzza!

All. Huzza!

C. Gracc. Indeed!—The Senate! For the people's sake,
We thank them for this favour. Worthy Romans,
Now our affairs put on a prosperous face.
The Senate send you favours.—We thank the Senate!
But not this mighty kindness of the Senate,
Can set my cares at rest. I have made an estimate
Of certain waste, uncultivated lands,
South of the Tiber.—These—however, subject
To certain trifling services and rents—
We here allot to fifteen hundred families
From the Plebeians of the lowest class.

Tit. Noble Caius! Worthy Caius! Cheer, masters.

Marc. Stop!—Drusus is going to speak.—Hear what Drusus says.

Drusus. Romans, my worthy colleague, whom I honour,
Seems not to love that you should owe the Senate
Favour or justice.

C. Gracc. Drusus!

Marc. Go on, Drusus! Let him go on! Come, come, Drusus must have fair play!

All. Drusus! Drusus!

Drusus. If 'tis your pleasure, friends, to hear my colleague
Sooner than me, you only have to say it.

All. No! No! No!—Go on! Go on!

Drusus. I care not who befriends you, worthy citizens;

The Senate or the Tribunes. The more friends
You have, the less you will have need of me.

Marc. Good honest man, go on!

All. Go on! Go on!

Drusus. I say—and if I know the thing I say,
Am I not right in saying it?—I say,
The Senate wish the people to be happy,
And do not want to tax them. Noble Caius
Might have gone farther in this act of his,
And not displeas'd the Senate; therefore, I,
Without regard to his decree, enact,
That certain waste, uncultivated lands,
Lying north of Rome, be forthwith parcell'd out
To fifteen hundred of the poorest families,
Free of all rent and service.

Marc. Noble Drusus! The worthy Senate! Huzza, for Drusus and the Senate.

Drusus. My friends, think not of Drusus. Thank the Senate.

Marc. Good honest man!—He is too modest to take the praise to himself.—He gives it all to the Senate. Observe Caius—he changes colour—he envies Drusus—he doesn't like the applause we give to Drusus. Applaud the good man again. Long live Drusus! Drusus and the Senate for ever! Huzza!

All. Huzza!

C. Gracc. May I be heard, my friends?

Tit. Speak, Gracchus, speak!

Marc. Drusus for ever!

C. Gracc. Rome, Rome, my friends, for ever!
Whoe'er is good—whoe'er is just and great,
The honour be to Rome, our common mother!—
I have warn'd you oft!—Look to your liberties!
Beware the Senate's arts!—Beware her tools!

Drusus. How! Caius—

C. Gracc. Nay, good Livius Drusus!

Marc. Not a word against Drusus!
All. No! No! No!
Marc. The Senate has acted well in this.
All. It has!—It has!
C. Gracc. I am content.—If you approve it, masters,
I am content.—I cannot help my fears.—
But let it pass.—I'll say, I am content!
Masters, I never yet incurr'd your censure.
If I am over-watchful for your safety,
Guarding you 'gainst the chance of injury,
If I suspect—but, since it pleases you,
I'll not suspect this kindness of the Senate!
And yet, it may be ask'd—when you were weak
And needed friends, where was the Senate's kindness?
Then you might help yourselves; now, you are strong,
It holds its hundred hands to give you aid!
I think, 'twas not the kindness of the Senate,
Made it expedient, when my first decree
Declar'd the magistrate to be infamous,
Who was depos'd by judgment of the people.—
Or, when my next enacted, that the magistrate,
Who banished, without law, a citizen,
Should answer the assembly of the people.—
Or, when, to give you plenitude of power,
I granted each inhabitant of Latium,
The right of suffrage!
Tit. Hear him! Hear him!
Marc. Silence!—Drusus is going to speak.
Drusus. Romans, I'll not pretend to say how much
You owe the Senate.—Be it much, or little,
Or nothing.—Only, as I think they love you,
I'll not speak ill of them. They have desir'd me
To show you favour.—Mark me—have desired me.—
Should I be jealous of them? Words, my friends,
Are air—but actions are substantial things,
That warrant judgment.—But we'll not debate

Their truth or falsehood.—They appear to favour us,
And let us take advantage of their seeming!
My colleague, Caius, as he just now said,
Has given to the inhabitants of Latium,
The right to vote—the right of citizens.—
Has not this act then made them citizens?
And yet, my friends, the Latin soldier feels
The scourge!—He feels the scourge!—an infamy,
That never should approach the freeman's back!
We now decree, that it shall be unlawful,
Henceforth, for any captain of our legions,
To beat with rods, a soldier of that nation.

Marc. A noble decree!—Worthy Drusus!—A noble decree! Huzza!

Drusus. My friends, I now depart—but ere I leave you,
I must declare, that whatsoe'er I have done,
I have done with the approval of the Senate. [*Descends.*

Marc. We'll follow you home, Drusus! We'll follow you home.—We'll cheer the Senators as we pass them. We'll follow you home!

Drusus. Nay, my good friends!

Marc. Come, come! Let us follow him to his house.

Drusus. Well! Since you will not be denied.—

C. Gracc. Stay, Livius Drusus—let me speak with you. [*Descends.*

Drusus. Your pleasure, Caius?

C. Gracc. Pleasure!—Livius Drusus,
Look not so sweet upon me!—I am no child
Not to know bitter, for that it is smear'd
With honey! Let me rather see thee scowl
A little; and when thou dost speak, remind me
Of the rough trumpet more than the soft lute.
By Jove, I can applaud the honest caitiff
Bespeaks his craft!

Drusus. The caitiff!

C. Gracc. Ah! ho! Now
You're Livius Drusus! You were only then
The man men took him for—the easy man,
That, so the world went right, car'd not who got
The praise; but rather from preferment shrunk
Than courted it. Who ever thought, in such
A plain and homely piece of stuff, to see
The mighty Senate's tool!

Drusus. The Senate's tool!

C. Gracc. Now, what a deal of pains for little profit!
If you could play the juggler with me, Livius—
To such perfection practise seeming, as
To pass it on me for reality—
Make my own senses witness 'gainst myself,
That things I know impossible to be,
I see as palpable as if they were—
'Twere worth the acting; but, when I am master
Of all your mystery, and know, as well
As you do, that the prodigy's a lie,
What wanton waste of labour!—Livius Drusus,
I know you are a tool!

Drusus. Well, let me be so!
I will not quarrel with you, worthy Caius!
Call me whate'er you please.

C. Gracc. What barefac'd shifting!
What real fierceness could grow tame so soon!
You turn upon me like a tiger, and,
When open-mouth'd I brave you, straight you play
The crouching spaniel! You'll not quarrel with me!
I want you not to quarrel, Livius Drusus,
But only to be honest to the people.

Drusus. Honest!

C. Gracc. Ay, honest!—Why do you repeat
My words, as if you fear'd to trust your own?
Do I play echo? Question me, and see
If I so fear to be myself.—I act

The wall, which speaks not but with others' tongues.—
I say you are not honest to the people.—
I say you are the Senate's tool—their bait—
Their juggler—their trick-merchant.—If I wrong you,
Burst out at once, and free retort upon me—
Tell me, I lie, and smite me to the earth!—
I'll rise but to embrace you!

Drusus. My good Caius,
Restrain your ardent temper; it doth hurry you
Into madness.

C. Gracc. Give me but an answer, and
I'll be content.—Are you not leagued with the Senate?

Drusus. Your senses leave you, Caius!

C. Gracc. Will you answer me?

Drusus. Throw off this humour!

C. Gracc. Give me an answer, Drusus!

Drusus. Madman!

C. Gracc. Are you the creature of the Senate?

Drusus. Good Caius!

C. Gracc. Do you juggle with the people?
Let me but know you, man, from your own lips.
'Tis all I want to know you are a traitor.

Drusus. A traitor!

C. Gracc. Ay!

Drusus. To whom?

C. Gracc. To the poor people!
The houseless citizens, that sleep at nights
Before the portals, and that starve by day
Under the noses of the Senators!
Thou art their magistrate, their friend, their father.
Dost thou betray them? Hast thou sold them? Wilt thou
Juggle them out of the few friends they have left?

Drusus. If 'twill content you, Caius, I am one
Who loves alike the Senate and the people.
I am the friend of both.

C. Gracc. The friend of neither—
The Senate's tool!—a traitor to the people!—
A man that seems to side with neither party;
Will now bend this way, and then make it up,
By leaning a little to the other side:
Talk moderation—patience—with one foot
Step out, and with the other back again—
With one eye, glance his pity on the crowd,
And with the other, crouch to the nobility;
At any public grievance raise his voice,
And like a harmless tempest, calm away;
Idle, and noted only for his noise.
Such men are the best instruments of tyranny.
The simple slave is easily avoided
By his external badge; your order wears
The infamy within!

Drusus. I'll leave you, Caius,
And hope your breast will harbour better councils.
Grudge you the Senate's kindness to the people?
'Tis well—whoe'er serves them shows love to me!

[*Exit. The people following, with shouts.*

C. Gracc. Go! I have till'd a waste; and, with my sweat,
Brought hope of fruitage forth—the superficial
And heartless soil cannot sustain the shoot:
The first harsh wind that sweeps it, leaves it bare!
Fool that I was to till it! Let them go!
I lov'd them and I serv'd them!—Let them go!

Enter VETTIUS.

Vettius. Why, Caius, what's the matter, that the people
So follow Drusus?

C. Gracc. Matter!—Know you why
The wind was all the morning in the south,

Sits now at north, that's the antagonist point?
When thou canst tell why turns the fitful wind,
I'll tell thee why the people follow Drusus!

Vettius. More wonder yet! There stood a group of Senators
Under a portico, and as they pass'd,
They cheer'd them—cheer'd the Senators!—I thought
They must be mad.

C. Gracc. No, no! they are not mad.
There's not a day in the month, or year, they are
Of sounder mind. They know as well to-day,
As they did yesterday, what things they look at—
That Rome is Rome; that I am Caius; he
They follow, Drusus; and the Senators
They cheer, the Senators.—They are not mad,
But thou art mad to think them so, because
They act the deeds of madmen!

Enter LICINIUS.

Licin. Caius! Ha!
Well met.—Bad news!

C. Gracc. Bad news, and well met, say you!
Why, so it is; for, were you Pluto's herald,
You could not pluck a smile from Caius' cheek,
Would pay the labour of destroying.—Come!
Your news?

Licin. Opimius will be Consul.

C. Gracc. Well!
I'm Tribune!

Licin. Pray you, show yourself among
The people, or their hearts are lost to you.
Your enemies have won them half already.
Hands they would look at ere they took a gift from them,
They now do shake, as they pertain'd to friends
After long travel greeted: breath they'd turn from,
Though wafting fortune's kindest errand, now

They suffer to blow close and full on them,
As it exhal'd from lips they'd woo for kisses!—
A stranger now beholding Rome, would ask
You where are her degrees, so is all rank
Confounded. Quinctius is no more than Curtius,
That touches shoulders with him; Servius no less
Than Livius, that plucks Servius by the cloak,
And calls him his "kind Servius! and would speak
A word with him!"—and, as he whispers in
His ear, knits fingers with him—all the while
Caring as much for Servius, as he does
For Servius' shoe! Let them not, Caius, have
The game to themselves! Dispute it with them!—Come
Among the people!

C. Gracc. Never did I play
The beggar yet, nor will I now; 'tis not
My craft, nor will I learn it, Lucius;—No:
Not e'en to please the people!

Enter POMPONIUS.

Pom. Where is Caius?

C. Gracc. Here! Here!—What makes the man in such request
Is out of favour with the people?

Pom. Look
To your office! Half the votes are promis'd 'gainst
The next Comitia. Spare no pains to win
The people's favour back again; or, mind!
You are no longer Tribune.

C. Gracc. Not a foot
I'll stir to win them. Though the price of their love
Were but the breath would ask for't, it should go
Unbought for me!—What! would they take our tigers,
They've seen a hundred times tear limb from limb
The malefactor—would they take them, think you,
For dogs, suppose they fawn'd on them?—No wonder

And if they should!—I will not go among them,
To pay court to them for their own sakes—cry,
"Be serv'd, I pray you, masters!—pray you, be serv'd!
"Consent that I should get you food; provide you
"Clothing and lodging; find you lands to till!"
While all the time they lean the ear to Drusus,
And I must pull them by the cloak to win
Attention. No!—No honest man could do it!—
I will not go among them!—If they are told
That poison's poison, yet will swallow it
For food, in Jove's name let them! nothing but
The tasting on't will satisfy them.—Brother!
Keep silence.—No man urge me to it.—
I should not—cannot—will not go among them! [*Exit.*

Licin. Follow him not, you will but lose your labour.
Let us go to the people, and persuade them,
For their own profit, to retain their Tribune.
His office he must keep. Opimius,
I know, is sworn to his undoing; and
Hath no impediment, once Consul, if
Caius should lose the Tribuneship.—Come, friends!
[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE FIRST.

A STREET IN ROME.

Enter POMPONIUS *and* VETTIUS.

Pom. It was a false return. He had their votes,
Though he has lost his office. Lo you now!
What strides they take that used to walk before
So circumspectly. Scarcely is he brought
Into a private state again, than they
Proceed to abrogate his laws. This blow,
If there it light, where it is meant it should,
Will not fall short a hair's-breadth of his life.

Vettius. You may be sure of it: for that it was
Opimius got the Consulship.

Pom. This morning,
Caius and he met near the Capitol.
Flaccus had Caius by the arm.—Opimius,
On seeing him, makes a dead stand, and then
With eyes fixed on him thus, and folded arms,
He follows him right round, and cries to him,
"What, hoa! you, Caius Gracchus, whither now?
"What plot's on foot?"—then falls on him with such

A torrent of vile terms, as it would sting
The tamest looker-on to hear.
Vettius. And how
Did Caius bear it?
Pom. Why, as one, that, seeing
A tiger ready couch'd to spring upon him,
In quick avoidance finds security,
He pass'd in silence on. Opimius had
His Candiot troops with him.—But where is Flaccus?
Vettius. Gone to bring Caius to the Forum. How
Have you dispos'd our Latin friends?
Pom. About
The Rostrum.
Vettius. Fear not!—If it comes to numbers,
Ours can tell theirs thrice over.

Enter LICINIUS.

Licin. Friends, well met!
Something's on foot that bodes not good to Caius!
I pass'd just now a group of Senators:
One of them nam'd him, and had farther spoken,
But that another plac'd, on seeing me,
His finger on his lip. You may be sure
They only want occasion to despatch him.
Vettius. All Rome perceives it.—Men inquire for him
As one whom mischief dogs.—"Is Caius well?—
"When saw you him?—Does he go out to-day
"To the Forum?"—half under breath, as fearing for
The answer. Others, as his friends pass by,
Lay heads together, and, with eyes glanced towards them,
Whisper with looks portentous. Some do smile
That never smil'd before on aught that lov'd him.—
That's the worst sign.—A smile from those that hate us,
Looks at some scowl of fate about to fall—
If not already lowering!

Pom. What's to be done?
Licin. Meet force with force!
Pom. Agreed!
Vettius. Agreed!
Licin. Away, then!
If you have any friend as yet unpledg'd,
Change oaths with him!
Vettius. When meet we in the Forum?
Licin. At the third hour.—It is the hour of fate.
If they repeal his laws—farewell to Rome!
[*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE SECOND.

CAIUS GRACCHUS'S HOUSE.

Enter CORNELIA *and* LICINIA.

Licinia. You'll speak to him?
Cor. I will.
Licinia. You'll urge him not
To go? You would not throw your richest gem
Away, though you might give't to one did know
Its value, and did covet it?
Cor. I would not.
Licinia. He's coming.—(*Going.*)—Mother!—
Cor. I have said, Licinia! [*Exit Licinia.*
Yes: there's a point where virtue stops. 'Tis there
Where she but loses labour.—Ha!—but is
Her labour ever lost?—I can't debate
That question now.—Nature wont let me.—She's

Too strong, and I must play the humble part
She sets me.—Had he not a wife and child—
He's here!—(*Retires.*)

Enter CAIUS GRACCHUS, *without perceiving his Mother.*

C. Gracc. I'll wrestle with him for at least
This throw!—My laws! What! abrogate my laws!
O insolence of tyranny! Well, well!
We are not so weak as let him.—Were he twice
The Consul, he shall not lay hands on them.
Yea, though our blood——

Cor. (*Advancing calmly.*) Caius, a word with you.
There's Fulvius Flaccus waiting at the door
With a whole crowd of citizens.—Is't you
They want?

C. Gracc. It is.

Cor. 'Tis best, son, to deal frankly
With your mother.—What's on foot?—No matter!—
Hear me.
I do not like that Flaccus. He's a man
Hath more ambition than integrity,
And zeal than wisdom.—Is he of your party?

C. Gracc. He is.

Cor. The sooner, then, you break with him
The better. Send him word you cannot come.

C. Gracc. My word's already pledg'd to go with him
To the Forum.

Cor. On what errand, Caius Gracchus?
Is it about your laws they would annul?
Mind, Caius, you're no longer Tribune!

C. Gracc. Fear not!
I shall be prudent. (*Going.*)

Cor. Are you going, then?
Stop, Caius. (*Takes his hand.*) I can almost think you
still
The boy did con his lessons at my knee,

And I could rule in all his little moods
With but a look.—Ay, Caius,—but a look
Of your mother's, made you calm as sunshine, in
Your biggest storm! I would not lose you, Caius!
Caius, I would not lose you!—Go not to
The Forum!

C. Gracc. Mother—is it you!

Cor. Ay, son!
It is your mother, feels that she is all
The mother—whatsoe'er she seems.—I would
Be left a son, my Caius.—Go not to
The Forum!

C. Gracc. Wherefore, mother? What is there
That I should fear?

Cor. Your brother's blood, my son!
Do I not know you, Caius? Can I not read you,
Without your tongue to help me? Does not his blood
Cry for revenge; and is your ear unapt
To hear it?—Caius, that dear brother's death's
The life of all thy acts!—'Twas that did plead
For Vettius—ask'd the Tribuneship—reviv'd
Tiberius's laws—defied the Senate—made thee
Like a god to Rome, dealing out fate—and, now
Thou art no longer arm'd with thy great office,
Would lead thee forth to sacrifice.—My son,
Go not to the Forum! 'Tis a worthless cause!
Why should you go, my Caius? To defend
Your laws from abrogation? Think of them
For whom you made those laws,—the fickle people
Did lend a hand to pull you from your seat,
And raise up them they shake at! Thou art single!
Thou hast no seconds! 'Tis a hopeless struggle!
So sunk are all, the heart of public virtue
Has not the blood to make it beat again!

C. Gracc. And should I therefore sink with the base
times?

What, mother, what!—Are the gods also base?
Is virtue base? Is honour sunk? Is manhood
A thing contemptible—and not to be
Maintain'd? Remember you Messina, mother?
Once from its promontory we beheld
A galley in a storm; and as the bark
Approach'd the fatal shore, could well discern
The features of the crew with horror all
Aghast, save one! Alone he strove to guide
The prow, erect amidst the horrid war
Of winds and waters raging.—With one hand
He rul'd the hopeless helm—the other strain'd
The fragment of a shiver'd sail—his brow
The while bent proudly on the scowling surge,
At which he scowl'd again.—The vessel struck!
One man alone bestrode the wave, and rode
The foaming courser safe! 'Twas he, the same!—
You clasp'd your Caius in your arms, and cried,
"Look, look, my son! the brave man ne'er despairs;
"And lives where cowards die!" I would but make
Due profit of your lesson.

Cor. Caius!—Caius!—

C. Gracc. Well, I'll not go. (*Sits down.*) I will be rul'd by you,
If you please, let men say what they list of me.
I care not if they whisper as I pass,
And point, and smile, and say to one another,
"Lo the bold Tribune Gracchus! Lo the man
"Did lord it o'er the Senate!" What is't to me!
I know I am your son, and would approve it
If I might—but since you will not have it so,
I'll stay from the Forum, mother; I'll not go
To the Forum.

Cor. Know the people you did promise
To go?

C. Gracc. Are they not here with Fulvius Flaccus,

Expecting me? But let them go with him;
He'll speak for them.—He'll be their friend.—He'll dare
Oppose the Senate.—He'll preserve my laws
If he can.—If there's no other man to speak
For liberty, he'll do it! Pray you, mother,
Send Lucius to them—tell them I'll not go
Abroad to-day.

Cor. You must go to the Forum!

C. Gracc. Not if you will it not.

Cor. I neither will it,
Nor will it not.

C. Gracc. Unless you bid me go,
They go without me!

Cor. Why, I think as 'tis,
You cannot help but go.—I know not what's
The matter.—'Tis perhaps the fears of thy wife
Infect me—but I've dark forebodings, Caius.
What will be left me, should I lose thee, son?

C. Gracc. My monument!—

Cor. Go to the Forum.—Go!
You are Cornelia's son!

C. Gracc. My only use
Of life's to prove it!

Cor. Go! Go! Go! my Caius. [*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE THIRD.

A SQUARE.

The Statue of Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus.—Enter C. Gracchus, Flaccus, Titus, Marcus, *and Citizens.*

C. Gracc. What son of Rome may not his country call
To do her service? Romans, you desire

I should defend your laws from abrogation,
And I obey you.

Tit. Worthy Caius!

C. Gracc. Some coldness there has been between us; but
We know the cause, and so are friends again.
Our enemies may once prevail by cunning,
But not a second time. Now, show yourselves
The men you should be.—If your liberties
And rights are dear to you, be faithful to them.—
Fear not the Senate.—Call upon the tribes.—
Be freemen—none will dare to make you slaves!

Flaccus. Caius! The Consul is about to pass,
Proceeding to the sacrifice which he
Has order'd, to give impious sanctity
To his designs against you.

C. Gracc. Pray you now,
My friends, observe good order. Let them pass.

[*A procession of Priests, &c. crosses the Stage, followed by* Opimius, *as Consul, attended by* Drusus *and Senators. Seeing Gracchus, Opimius stops.*]

Opim. What! do you wait to interrupt us here,
You, Caius Gracchus, Fulvius, and the rest,
With your lewd rabble!

C. Gracc. You may see, Opimius,
The way is clear for you.

Opim. O! Is it so?
'Tis well, indeed, you give us leave to pass!
You're very humble now, good Caius Gracchus!
Drusus! Is this the man that thought to ride
The necks of the Senators? This the lawgiver
That parcell'd out the lands of the Patricians?
Why, yes!—'Tis Caius Gracchus!

C. Gracc. True, Opimius,
True!—It is Caius Gracchus.

Opim. How! So humble?
What! This the gentleman that rail'd at us
The other day, with such a fearless tongue?
Call'd us luxurious, proud, oppressors, tyrants;
The common robbers of the state?—This he?
What knave may not grow honest! Speak your soul, man!
Tell us you hate us.—Spurn us, mock us, and
Revile us, as you wont to do.—I hate
The double villain.—We are not the Consul!
These are not Lictors! Gracchus does not fear
To let us know his thoughts?

C. Gracc. I will not stay
To give you plea of quarrel. Know, Opimius,
The man that loves his country, may respect
The shadow of her greatness. [*Exit.*

Opim. Ha!—Take heed.—
Look to your safety.—On to the sacrifice.
[*Exeunt Opimius and his party.*

Flaccus. Is this to be endur'd! Could Caius brook it?
I have no blood of his within my veins,
And yet they boil!

Marc. Had he but spoke the word,
He should have been aveng'd. He rail'd at us.—Come,
Let us follow him!

Tit. Hold, for the common cause!

Marc. The common cause were serv'd by any hurt that
We could do Opimius. He's a tyrant!

Flaccus. The worst of tyrants!

Marc. Come, let's follow him, and rid our country of a Tyrant!

Tit. Stay!—How are we prepar'd for such a thing?
Remember, too, it is the time of sacrifice.

Flaccus. Caius was tame to bear it.—See, he returns,
And chafing like a flood from its embankment
New burst.

Re-Enter CAIUS GRACCHUS.

C. Gracc. Endure a life on sufferance
Like this!—Why, you must think me water, friends,
Or something farther still remov'd from blood—
If there's such poverty in nature—that
I seem to have no proper heat in me,
But keep cool veins under the force of that
Whose only sight, I see, sets your's a-boiling.

Marc. Let's follow him, and rid our country of
A tyrant.

C. Gracc. (*Rushing before them.*) No!

Tit. Here comes his Lictor with
The entrails.

Enter Lictor, with the entrails.

Lictor. Way there, evil citizens!

Marc. Down with him! 'Tis an evil word for him.

Citizens. Down with him! [*They follow him off.*

C. Gracc. Hold! Hold!

Flaccus. (*Who has followed the people, but without endeavouring to stop them.*) They have murdered him!

C. Gracc. Blood shed!—Blood is not washed away, except
With blood!—

(*The people return slowly and sullenly.*)

Why did you this? Why do you ever that
You should not do? Who bade you take my quarrel
Into your own hands? Who? I did not ask you
For help or counsel!—Gods! if I do choose
To stake my life, may I not fix the game
I throw't away on?—Had I not here the tyrant
Himself, within arm's reach, that but a stride
Like this, had made my weapon and his heart

Acquainted? Had I not?—If I did think
A gust of spleen, a fit of temper, a
Sour stomach, was a thing to pitch against
The cause—had I not man enough in me,
Though thrice the number of his satellites
Environ'd him, to smite him to my foot?—
And you must smite his slave!—Now, look you, for
That slave, the stones we tread on shall weep blood,
And our veins lend the tears!

Flaccus. Remember, 'twas
For you they did it.

C. Gracc. Me? O! I retain
The memory of all they have done for me!

Flaccus. Observe their looks.—They are depress'd and spiritless
From your rebuke. It is not well to bring
Their zeal to such an ebb.

C. Gracc. It is indeed
The tide for ebbing. Listen! (*Thunder.*) Do you hear?

Tit. The heavens lower—

C. Gracc. On us! There is something awful in their speech,
More than the sound. (*Thunder.*) That's anger!

Enter VETTIUS, *hastily.*

Vettius. Disperse! Disperse! The Consul heavily
Has ta'en his Lictor's death. The Senate
Is convoked. (*Thunders louder. Several of the people withdraw.*)

C. Gracc. Now it speaks out. 'Tis not for naught
They keep that stirring in the heavens. Some foot,
On haste with wrath, hath from Jove's presence now
Gone forth, the bearer of an errand, whose
Dread import hath set all Olympus shaking!

Flaccus. You are infusing fear into the crowd.
This is no way to remedy the evil.
Think what can best be done.
C. Gracc. Nothing is best
Where nothing can be done.
Flaccus. Here comes your brother.

Enter LICINIUS, *hastily.*

Licin. A decree has pass'd the Senate, that the Consul
Look to the public safety.—Caius, you
And Fulvius Flaccus are the men they aim at—
You must protect yourselves! (*Thunders still louder.*)
Flaccus. Observe, the citizens fall off from us.
C. Gracc. Why, let them go! As long as our veins are full,
Why should their's flow?—Let them fall off to one—
To none! Their carrion would but poison Rome,
And breed a mortal, general pestilence!
Let them, I say!—It shall be writ in blood,
The man who labours for the people's good
The people shall give up to sacrifice!
So shall their groans unpitied rend their breasts,—
Unheeded, save of them whose ears confess
No sweeter music! Here, even at the foot
Of my great father's statue, I will brave
The tyrant's wrath alone!
[*Goes and kneels at his father's statue, hiding his face with his hands.*
Flaccus. What! hold your neck
To the axe!

Enter POMPONIUS, *hastily.*

Pom. Caius, the Consul's Lictors, I'm advis'd,
Are on the watch for you.

Flaccus. Meet force with force!

(*The Citizens return in larger numbers.*)

The people throng to you again. 'Twas but
The storm dispersed them.

Licin. Gracchus, Caius Cracchus,
If you're a man, act like one. Keep not terms
With men do make the laws a plea for acts
The laws forbid.—The Senate is the traitor.
Think, in its bloody edict you are led
Already to the slaughter.—Caius, 'tis
Your country calls on you!

Pom. With tears.—

Flaccus. With wrongs.—

Licin. Tiberius calls on you.

C. Gracc. Give me your hands.
'Tis done, my friends—'tis past!—I will. (*Very low thunder.*) You hear?
Great Jove! Our fates command us!

Flaccus. Muster, friends,
Betimes to-morrow on Mount Aventine.
We've scanty time for preparation. Night
Draws on apace. Some of you keep a watch
Near Caius's house, lest, in the dead of night,
They steal upon him.—Caius, fare thee well!
We meet to-morrow.

C. Gracc. I will meet thee, Flaccus.
But let not the first blow be ours.

Flaccus. It cannot.
They strike already, that do draw on us.

C. Gracc. Against myself, I pledge myself.—O Rome,
The sons do love thee most, must make thee bleed!

[*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE FOURTH.

AN APARTMENT IN CAIUS'S HOUSE.

A Couch.—Enter CORNELIA, *and* LICINIA *with a scroll; followed by* LUCIUS, *carrying lights, one of which he sets down.*

Cor. Will you not go to bed?
Licinia. Not till he comes.
Cor. He must sup out.
Licinia. Well, I'll sit up for him.
Cor. What, with those eyes that look so ill prepar'd
To play the watcher?
Licinia. I will read, Cornelia,
And keep myself awake.—I can't lie down!—
Go you to bed, my mother.
Cor. I'll not give you
Excuse for so uncall'd-for labour, by
Partaking it.—Good night.
Licinia. Good night. [*Exit Cornelia and Lucius.*
I wish
He would come home!—Why should he sup abroad
To night? Most like it is my brother's fault.
He never lets him rest with taking him
To Carbo's house—or Flaccus's—or to some
Such place. I would he had a wife himself,
To keep him more at home.—Cornelia's right;
I'm half asleep already.—A heavy lid
Is strange companion to an anxious heart!
Come thou that canst discourse without a tongue,

Cunning beguiler of the lonely! talk to me,
And for my dear lord, help me to keep watch!

[*She sits down and reads—grows gradually drowsier—the scroll presently falls from her hand, and she sleeps.*

Enter CAIUS, *without seeing her.*

C. Gracc. What meant the boy by starting when he let
Me in?—What's in my face, to make him hold
His breath, and change his colour at? I thought
At first the house was not my own—and never
Look'd it so like my own.—A hundred objects,
Day after day I've pass'd, with just as much
Of consciousness as they had not been here,
I now distinguish with a feeling of
Such recogniton, as invests them with
The worth of precious things.—The common couch
Stands in our supper-room, a dozen times
A day I've thrown myself upon, without
Thought it supported me—when now I pass'd it,
I could not help but stop, as it had been
Some special minister of happiness
Did challenge salutation.——What!—Licinia!—
Asleep too.—She is sitting up for me!
Come now, conspiracy, thou bold redresser
Of grievances, dost doubly stake thy life
Thou wilt achieve beneath the peaceful brows
Of the household eaves, that never thought to see it,
What were done better in the stony eyes
Of frowning battlements—and lead along
The streets, where children, wives, and matrons tread,
Mar's revels, fitter to be acted on
Some far removed, unfrequented waste;—
Come now, and while the silken bands of sleep

Hold thy unconscious, unoffending victim,
Look on, and scan thy plea of conjuration,
And see if it be proof.——Thou canst not do it!
Already is the ague creeping o'er
Thy flesh, at longer trial of the test
Would shake the weapon from thy hand, tho' clench'd
With thousand oaths!——That I should see her thus!
I must not look on her again—nor speak to her—
I'll call her maid to watch by her, and then
I will to bed and sleep—or feign to sleep! [*Going.*

Licinia. (*In her sleep.*) Keep him in, mother! Let him not go forth!
They'll kill my Caius!

C. Gracc. (*Returning.*) She is dreaming of me.
Some horrible conceit her fancy frames
To cheat her with.—Had I not better wake her?
For what?—To do in earnest, what I would not
Her fancy did, would do it but in jest.—
O proper kindness!——Whatso'er it was,
'Tis gone!—How calm!—He ne'er hath look'd on sleep,
That hath not caught it lighted on the lids
Of virtue!—I must gaze on her no longer! [*Going.*

Licinia. (*At first in her sleep, then awaking and rushing forward.*) O spare him! Save him! Give him to his wife!
Strike here! Strike here!
(*Caius catches her in his arms.*)
My Caius!—'Twas a dream!
But press me to thy heart.—Speak to me, Caius!
I know 'tis you—but press me—speak to me!
It was a horrid dream!

C. Gracc. Ne'er mind it, love!

Licinia. No more I do. Dreams are but dreams.—'Tis you!
This is our house—and 'tis our sitting room

We are talking in; and it is night—still night—
That never walk'd her silent round, methinks,
With softer step. List, love!—when we are still,
Nought's stirring.—Why, how pale you look, my Caius!
C. Gracc. Do I?
Licinia. Indeed you do—and when you smile,
Methinks you do grow paler.—Don't smile, Caius.
Your smile fits not what it doth cover, and
Is meant to hide, not show.—Gods! husband, what's
The matter?
C. Gracc. Sweet, you frighten'd me just now.
Licinia. Frighten'd you.—
C. Gracc. Ay! A woman's shriek starts terrors,
Where trumpets might redouble their alarms,
And not one fear awake!
Licinia. And did I shriek?
I knew not what I did.—'Twas such a dream!
I'll tell it you, love.—
C. Gracc. No, never mind, Licinia.
Licinia. Not tell it you! Are you afraid to hear it?
C. Gracc. Afraid of a shadow! No, Licinia.
'Twould pain you to go over it.
Licinia. Not it!
Pain me? Is not your arm around me, Caius?
Do I not hear you talking to me?—See you?—
Feel you?—Not want a proof that you are safe
And well?—I dream'd that you lay bleeding, love,
At the Consul's feet, stood over you and smil'd,
And struck! and struck!—Why, what's the matter, Caius,
That you hold your hand to your forehead?
C. Gracc. Fool that I was
To walk bareheaded yesternight in the garden,
That shooting pain's the profit on't.—Go on!
Go on, Licinia.—Did the Consul use
His weapon like a soldier?

Licinia. Like a demon!
C. Gracc. No doubt!—no doubt!
Licinia. What, Caius?
C. Gracc. It would be
An idle dream had not the thrift to turn
A man into a demon! Prithee, love,
What figure took he next?
Licinia. You make a jest
Of me.—I'll tell no more of it.—I'm glad
You are so merry.
C. Gracc. Merry!
Licinia. Are you not?
C. Gracc. Not if it does not please you, love.—
Licinia. Indeed
But it does!—Be ever merry!—You'll be merry
To-morrow, I will answer for't; and so
Will I, and so will all the house.—Now why,
Tell me, should we be merry, love, to-morrow,
Of all the days in the year?
C. Gracc. Indeed, Licinia,
I cannot tell.
Licinia. You cannot tell!—You, Caius!
Now tell not that to any one.—It is
The birth-day of our boy! There was a time
I fear'd you would not live to see it.—But
That time is past. Thank Jupiter for what
He sends to-morrow!—What are you thinking of?
C. Gracc. Our boy.
Licinia. Is that the way to think of our boy?
Think of him with a smile.—He is a boy
To make a father proud, although it is
His mother says it.
C. Gracc. So he is.—We'll go
To rest, love.
Licinia. Nay, I am not weary, Caius;—
Sit up a while and talk.

C. Gracc. I would not talk
To-night.
Licinia. No more would I.—We'll go to rest.
[*Takes the lights.*
Come, Caius.—Now, I have not told you half
The reason we shall be so happy, love,
To-morrow.—Can't you guess?
C. Gracc. What is't, Licinia?
Licinia. Was it not our wedding-day?
C. Gracc. It was! It was!—
Licinia. Have we not reason to be happy? I have!
Have not you? Sha'n't we be happy? Say we shall!
C. Gracc. We shall! To be sure—
Licinia. Say it out!
C. Gracc. To be sure we shall!
Why should we not? Why should we——Come to
rest—
Come to rest.—It grows to torture!
Licinia. What, my Caius?
C. Gracc. The pain I told you of.
Licinia. You are not well!
You do not look as you were well—nor speak.—
All's wrong if you're not well.
C. Gracc. A little sleep
Will set all right.
Licinia. It will! It will!
C. Gracc. Come, love!
Licinia. I would not for the world you should be ill
To-morrow—or any day—but most of all
To-morrow.
C. Gracc. Come to rest, love!
Licinia. Are you sure
'Tis nothing needs be fear'd?
C. Gracc. Don't question me!—
The slightest noise distracts me!

Licinia. Does it, Caius?
You're ill indeed, then! you are very ill!
What shall be done for you?
C. Gracc. You drive me mad!
Don't mind me, love!—Don't mind me!—Come to rest.
[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE FIRST.

THE STREET BEFORE CAIUS'S HOUSE.

Citizens asleep in various postures—some watching.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Almost the morning dawns.—What! rouse ye, friends!
Up, drowsy comrades, up! 'Tis time, 'tis time!
[*They rise.*

Enter C. GRACCHUS *from the house.*

C. Gracc. Ha!—Is it time, my friends?
Tit. It is, good Caius!
C. Gracc. What noise of steps is that?
Tit. A band of citizens
Crossing the end of the street.
C. Gracc. Go on before, my friends.—I'll follow you!
[*Exeunt Titus and Citizens.*
I will but take a last look of the house.
To think of what I leave within that house!—
I left her sleeping.—Gods! upon the brink

Of what a precipice!—and she must down!—
I cannot save her.—My last kiss, when I
Did print upon her cheek, she breath'd my name,
And, all unconscious as she was, with such
A plaintive cadence—even pity's self,
Compos'd of tears and murmurs as she is,
In her most melting moöd, did never frame
More tender.—But that I did tear myself
At once away—for all that manhood, back'd
By honour, that did never yet relent,
Had urg'd upon me—I must have forgone
My purpose.—Thought must look another way!
Tiberius—I am coming!—Art thou here,
My brother, waiting for me?—Yes!—I feel
Thou art!—I am ready!—Mighty shade, lead on!

LICINIA *rushes out, as he is going off.*

Licinia. Caius! O! Have I found you.
C. Gracc. My Licinia,
Why do you quit your bed?
Licinia. To seek you, Caius!
To bring you back with me! Come into the house!
C. Gracc. What fear you, love?
Licinia. I know not what I fear;
But well I know that I have cause to fear!
Your putting off your journey yesterday—
Your going to the Forum, as you did—
Your making it so late ere you came back—
Your looks and answers when you did come back—
Your rising now, at this unwonted hour—
A thousand thousand things that I could name,
Had I the time to think of them, forewarn me
You go not forth for good!
C. Gracc. Licinia!—Wife!—
Collect yourself, and listen to me, now.
I must go forth, and may not be prevented—

Why, what's the matter with you?—Can't a man
Get up a little hour or two before
His wonted time and take a walk, but he
Must run into a lion's mouth? For shame!
If this were told of Caius's wife! Go in.—
Get thee to bed again; and take this kiss
Along with thee.—

Licinia. I cannot quit you, Caius!—
I cannot let you go! Spite of myself,
I cling to you, as though my arms were bound
About you by a spell!—Do you know I'm ill?—
I'm very ill!—In sooth, I am so ill
It is not kind of you to leave me, Caius!
Caius, you would not leave me when I'm ill?
You surely never would!—Let me lean on you,
And take me into the house.—I thank you, Caius?

C. Gracc. There.

[*Stopping when he has conducted her to the door.*

Licinia. Would you quit me at the threshold? Won't you
Come in too? Caius, do come in.—Sure, Caius,
You can go forth by and by!

C. Gracc. I must go forth
At once, love.

Licinia. Must? In truth you must not—will not—

C. Gracc. Farewell! [*Going.*

Licinia. Stop, Caius—stop!—

[*Following, catches hold of his robe, by which means his sword is discovered under his arm.*

Is it to use
That sword you go abroad?—Is it, my husband?
It is; alas, it is!—You would go forth
To sell your life for an ungrateful people.—
To quit your wife and child for men, look'd on
And saw your brother murder'd—and will now
Betray even you to death!—Caius, you trust

The faith of men that have no faith, except
When trial is not near.—Go not, my Caius!
My lord!—My husband!—Father of my child!
Go not, but hear your poor distracted wife!

C. Gracc. Licinia, now is it perverse in you
To fancy danger. I have business forth!
Is it a time to walk the streets unarm'd
When drunken revellers from breaking up
Of banquets are abroad? No more of this!
In! in! my love.—Be sure I'll make all haste.
Thy thin robe suits not, sweet, the morning air.
In, my Licinia, in! there's nought to fear! [*Trumpet.*

Licinia. What's that?—(*Trumpet.*) Again! Speaks not that summoner
To thee?

C. Gracc. Dear wife!—

Licinia. Come into the house! Come in!
If I'm thy wife, whose interest in thee
Shall push by mine?—Whose claim to hold thy pledge
Calls on thee with a right can shut out mine?—
Thou shalt not go! [*Trumpet.*

C. Gracc. Licinia!

Licinia. Nay, thou shalt not!

C. Gracc. Let go my robe!

Licinia. I will not let it go!—
You hurt me, Caius!—Know you, you do hurt me?
For Juno's sake, dear husband!—Caius—O!
You gripe my wrist till I am sick with the pain!
If any one had said it!——Do but one thing
And I will let thee go.

C. Gracc. What is it?

Licinia. Kill me!

C. Gracc. Licinia! (*Catches her to his breast.*)

Licinia. Ah! (*Nearly faints in his arms.*)

C. Gracc. Gods! I have kill'd thee!

Licinia. No!

Or if you have, 'tis with a sudden draught
Of too sweet life!—Bless thee, my Caius—bless thee!
You will not go!—you'll stay with me!—you'll come
with me!—
You'll live for me!—Come in! Come in! Come in!—

Enter LICINIUS.

Licin. What keeps you, Caius?

C. Gracc. (*Aside to him.*) Take her from about
My neck.

Licinia. I hear you, Caius!—There!—Myself
Will do that kindness for thee. Thou art free
To go.—Stay, husband!—Give me, from about
Thy neck, that collar which thou wear'st, to keep it
As thy last gift.

C. Gracc. Here, my Licinia.

Licinia. What!
Nothing about me I can give thee in
Exchange for't?—O! I have a token yet,
That hath the virtue of an amulet
To him believes in't.—One thing, I do know,
Steel, at its sight, hath all as harmless turn'd
As point of down, that cannot stand against
The tenderest breath. Swear, only, thou wilt stay
Until I fetch it.

C. Gracc. Bring it, love! [*Exit Licinia, hurriedly.*

Licin. Now, Caius!
Now is your time! Wait not till she returns.

C. Gracc. I've promis'd her.

Licin. And if you promis'd her
To pluck an eye out, would you think it kinder
To do't, than leave't undone? Away, at once!
The cause!—the cause!

LICINIA *rushes out with her Child.*

Licinia. Thy boy, my Caius!

C. Gracc. Ha!

Licinia. Nay, if thou look'st that way upon thy child,
I'm satisfied there is no hope for me!

C. Gracc. Why, was this kind?

Licinia. I do not know that word.
It stands for nothing—worse! 'Tis found the thing
It says it is not. Husbands are call'd kind,
That break the foolish hearts are knit to them—
And fathers kind, who their own children do
Make orphans of—and brothers kind, who play
The parts of bloodless strangers—and friends, too,
Whose actions find them foes. More kind are foes
That are not kind, but do not say they are!

C. Gracc. Take the child, wife.

Licinia. I will.

C. Gracc. Why dost thou kneel?

Licinia. To beg a blessing for him of the gods,
Since thou dost turn him from thee, asking it
Of thee.

C. Gracc. The gods be more to him, Licinia,
Than thou wouldst have me be.——Licinia!—Ha!
That look.

Licin. Come! Come!

C. Gracc. She rivets me! [*Trumpets.*

Licin. Do you hear?

C. Gracc. Tear me away!—More blessings light on you
Than I feel pangs who curse the things I'd bless!

[*Exeunt C. Gracchus and Licinius.*

Alarm continues.—Enter CORNELIA *from the house, followed by* LUCILLA *and* LUCIUS.

Cor. What's this?——Licinia!

Licinia. Take the child from me,
Until I lay me down and die.

Cor. And die!
Rise, rise, my daughter!
Licinia. Rather thou fall down
Along with me, and pray the gods they send
A thunderbolt to strike us both together;
For both already they have smitten so,
To spare's the countertide of mercy!
Cor. Rise!
We may not tempt the gods!—Come into the house,
And show thy tears to it—'twill not tell of thee.
This is the common street, and thou but lend'st
The essence of thy grief to vilest tongues
Will make a jest and marvel on't. Come in.
Licinia. You counsel me, and do not know the cause
Whereon you counsel me!
Cor. My son is dead?
Licinia. No! No!——Yet—
Cor. Yet!—Why wouldst thou say he lives,
And but that little word 'twixt him and death?
He is the same as dead, then think him dead
As I do.
Licinia. And art thou a mother?
Cor. Yes!
The mother of the virtue of my child!
The fashion of his body nature fix'd.
I had no choice in't—was not ask'd how high
The stature out should grow—gave not my voice
As to the shape of limb or lineament—
Nor pick'd the shade and texture of the skin.
But of his worth, the modelling was mine—
Say that is dead, and you may say I'm dead!
Licinia. I cannot answer this!—I can but marvel
The weight bows me to earth, should seem so light
To you.

Alarm.—LIVIA *rushes in.*

Livia. Cornelia!

Cor. Well, my Livia?

Livia. Those fearful noises!—Listen!—You will hear
The rush of feet on every side. I've pass'd
Such groups of angry looking men—some pale—
Some flush'd—some mute, and others muttering
To one another—hurrying all one way,
As all on one momentous object bent.
I came to thee, that we might seek some sanctuary,
For houses are not safe in times like these!

Cor. The Temple of Diana is at hand.
We will go thither. See, my Livia,
How lost Licinia is! Take hold of her,
And lead the way.——Nobly, ye gods! O, nobly!

[*Exeunt. Cornelia last.*

SCENE SECOND.

MOUNT AVENTINE.

Groups of armed Citizens.—Enter CAIUS GRACCHUS, FULVIUS FLACCUS, *and* VETTIUS.—*Distant Flourish of Trumpets.*

C. Gracc. You see!—You see!—Their very trumpets shake
Your ranks. How will they stand the blows of those
Whose only breath can stagger?—What! No means?

Flaccus. Twice have we offered terms of peace, which they
Have twice refus'd—and into prison cast
Our herald, my own son; and not content

With this, they have proclaim'd for a reward
To him who brings your head, its weight in gold.

C. Gracc. Then shall they have it at a dearer price,
The safety of my friends.

Enter POMPONIUS.

Pom. Why stand you here?
Advance!—A rumour spreads among our ranks,
That pardon is proclaim'd to those who quit us;
And many friends fall off!

C. Gracc. It shall be so!
Call back the runaways, and let them save
The honour of their manhood! Husbands, drive out
Your sad foreboding thoughts; your wives shall hear
Your feet to-night upon the threshold—sons,
Check not your pious tears, but let them flow
For joy; your mothers have not lost their props—
Cowards, relax not your strain'd sinews yet,
But live redoubted—brave hearts, rein your courage
To give it course upon a fairer field—
Caius alone shall bleed!

Vettius. What mean you, Caius?

C. Gracc. To yield myself into the Consul's hands,
And save these veins their stores!

Vettius. No, by the gods
You shall not do it!

C. Gracc. Not! Why should I live
At such a price as half these lives, which I
Can, singly dying, save?—I cannot live
To give my country freedom; let me die
To save her blood!

Enter LICINIUS.

Licin. Where are your swords, my friends?
Do they become their scabbards or your hands,
When tyranny's so near?—Unsheath, I say,

And show their honest faces to our foes,
And make the knaves to blush.
C. Gracc. Draw off our friends.
I'll meet them singly!—
Licin. Never!
We'll live or die together!—Or, take your course—
Yield yourself to the tyrant if you will;
My sword is out and shall not quit my grasp,
So long as it can strike a link away
From the vile chains that gall us.—Leave us, Caius!—
Desert us—fly us—carry with thee half
Our strength, with the remaining half we'll struggle,
Nor vilely live the thralls of tyranny!
C. Gracc. O Rome, my country!—O my mother, Rome!
Is it to shed thy blood I draw my sword?
To fill thy matrons' and thy daughters' eyes
With tears, and drain the spirits of thy sons?
Should I not rather turn it 'gainst myself,
And, by the timely sacrifice of one
Preserve the many.—They will not let me do it;
They take from me the rule of mine own acts,
And make me freedom's slave! What! Is it so?
Come, then, the only virtue that is left me.
The fatal virtue of necessity.
Upon them!—
Give them stout hearts, ye gods, to enable them
To stand the flashing of their tyrants' swords;
Deaf to the din of battle let them be;
Senseless to wounds, and without eyes for blood;
That, for this once, they may belie themselves,
Make tyranny to cower, and from her yoke
Lift prostrate liberty to fall no more!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THIRD.

THE INSIDE OF THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

Numbers of Women who have fled thither for safety.—Among the rest, CORNELIA, LICINIA, LIVIA, LUCILLA, (*Attendant with Caius's Child,*) *and* LUCIUS.

Cor. Go, boy; look out and tell me what thou see'st;
If all is quiet, run to the end of the street—
But venture not beyond—and listen if
Thou hear'st the sound of tumult. Use thy senses,
And hurry back when they do gather for thee
Aught worth the bringing.—Hasten now—and for
Thy life, break not thy bounds.—Away.

[*Exit Lucius.*

Livia. (*To another.*) Observe
Cornelia! Now what kind of soul is hers,
That in this hour of trembling can be calm
As nought but common things were passing round her?
But note her!—

Cor. Livia, you did say, just now,
Your brother told you there had come a herald
Proposing terms of peace?

Livia. He did; but thought
They would not be accepted.

Cor. He thought right!
No more they will. Opimius hath the gust
Too strong for blood, when he hath snuff'd it, not
To taste. He'll lap it! matters not whose veins
'Twill cost the emptying of, so they belong

To honest men.—Then will he offer sacrifice!
O man! man! man!—most sacrilegious and
Profane!—that with thy lips dost laud the gods
Whose ordinance thou tearest with thy hands!
The path to whom thou hast with peril so
Beset, that he who seeks may find it out
By good men's graves at many a spot, whereon
They did untimely fall!—Why clasp you me,
My Livia?

Livia. Do you hear the clash of swords.

Cor. Indeed I do not! 'Tis your fancy, Livia.

Livia. Nay, 'tis your talking of men's graves.

Cor. Men's graves
Are but men's beds!—whereon we lay them—not
For one hard day of toil to follow on
Another! Thankless labour, Livia!—Sweat,
To him expends it profitless—that goes
To nourish others, and they take, as though
The using were a boon!—How fares it with
Licinia?

Livia. All abstracted, as she were
Alive to nought without her.—I can draw
No word nor sign from her. There kneels she to
The statue of the goddess, mute as silence,
And in so fixed stillness, you might ask,
Which is the marble?

Soldier. (*Without.*) Way there!—Let me in!

Cor. Don't shut the gates, but let him in.

Livia. Who is it?

Cor. One is wounded from the fray; [*Enters.*
Sure sign it has commenc'd!

[*Licinia drops her head upon Livia's shoulder.*

I fear for Lucius.—
He has gone near it!—

Livia. And thou hast a son
Is in it!

Cor. I fear not what I do know,
How much soe'er I feel it.—Livia! Livia!
I'm a mother, though I do not wail
To let you know it. (*Enter Lucius.*) Now, Sir! where
have you been?
Finely you've mark'd my orders! Tell me what
You've seen and heard?
Lucius. The battle is begun.
Cor. I know it already! Can you tell which side
Is like to win?
Lucius. The citizens, they say,
Give ground.
Livia. They do!
Cor. I could have told it you
Without the aid of augury!—How learn'd
You this?
Lucius. From some did carry to his house
The young Valerius, wounded mortally—
Him they do call the comeliest youth in Rome.
Cor. That's right.—You speak not out of breath, as
though
The house were on fire. Valerius, say you?
Lucius. Yes.
I did not know him when I saw him, so
His face was gash'd.
Livia. Oh!
Cor. Hear you, sir? Now know
Yourself a man! You have been nearer to
The fray than you like to tell.—You're a fine boy!
What rush of feet is that? Go see.
[*Exit Lucius, and presently returns.*
Lucius. The citizens
Fly every way—and from the windows and
The houses' top, the women look, and wring
Their hands; and wail—and clamour.—Listen! you
Will hear them.

Cor. I can hear them without ears.—
C. Gracc. (*Without.*) Shut to the gates! [*Exit Lucius.*
Licinia. (*Starting up.*) 'Tis Caius!
C. Gracc. (*Still without.*) Thankless hearts!
Not one presents himself to aid my sword;
Or lend a charger to assist my flight;
But, as I were a racer in the games,
They cry, "make haste!" and shout, as I pass by!
May they remain the abject things they are,
Begging their daily pittance from the hands
Of tyrant lords that spurn them.—May they crawl
Ever in bondage and in misery,
And never know the blessed rights of freemen! [*Enters.*
Here will I perish!
Licinia. (*Rushing up to him.*) Caius!
C. Gracc. My Licinia!—
My mother too!—
Licinia. Why should you perish?—Fly,
And save your life, my Caius! Fly.—A steed—
A steed! There are a hundred ways to save
Your life; take one of them, my Caius.
Cor. If
There's any hope, my son.—
C. Gracc. My child too!—
Tit. (*Entering.*) Caius!—
Caius, remain not here! Pomponius and
Licinius, striving to keep back the Consul,
And give you time for flight, have fallen beneath
His hirelings' blows.—They have the scent of you.
Another moment's pause, and you are lost.
Cor. Make the attempt, my son!
Licinia. Fly!—Fly!—
Lucius. (*Entering.*) It is
Too late.
Cor. Embrace me, Caius!—O my son,
The gods do bare no sword 'gainst virtue!

C. Gracc. No!—
No, mother!—My Licinia! Give me my child.
Mother, be you a parent to my wife, [*Aside to Cornelia.*
A tutor to my child. The lessons you
Did make me con, teach him; none else—he cannot
Learn better!

Licinia. Caius! Caius!—Do you know
No means of flight?

C. Gracc. I do.

Licinia. I hear them.—Use it!
Use it, dear husband!—Now!—

C. Gracc. I will.—I'd kiss
My boy first.——Mother!—

Licinia. They are here!

C. Gracc. Now thee!—(*Embraces her.*)

Licinia. Away!—What's that you feel for, Caius,
Under your robe?

C. Gracc. Nothing, love, nothing.—Rome!
O Rome!

[*A dagger drops from beneath his robe.—He falls dead.—Licinia throws herself on the body.—Cornelia, with difficulty, supports herself.—The Consul and his troops are heard approaching.—She makes a violent effort to recover her self-possession; snatches Caius's Child from the Attendant, and holds it in one arm, while with the other she points to Caius; confronts Opimius and the rest, who, immediately upon entering, stop short.—The Curtain drops.*

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